

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

IV.

"SHE has escaped from my Asylum."

I cannot say with truth that the terrible inference which those words suggested flashed upon me like a new revelation. Some of the strange questions put to me by the woman in white, after my ill-considered promise to leave her free to act as she pleased, had suggested the conclusion, either that she was naturally flighty and unsettled, or that some recent shock of terror had disturbed the balance of her faculties. But the idea of absolute insanity which we all associate with the very name of an Asylum, had; I can honestly declare, never occurred to me, in connexion with her. I had seen nothing, in her language or her actions, to justify it at the time; and, even with the new light thrown on her by the words which the stranger had addressed to the policeman, I could see nothing to justify it now.

What had I done? Assisted the victim of the most horrible of all false imprisonments to escape; or cast loose on the wide world of London an unfortunate creature whose actions it was my duty, and every man's duty, mercifully to control? I turned sick at heart when the question occurred to me, and when I felt self-reproachfully that it was asked too late.

In the disturbed state of my mind, it was useless to think of going to bed, when I at last got back to my chambers in Clement's Inn. Before many hours elapsed it would be necessary to start on my journey to Cumberland. I sat down and tried, first to sketch, then to read—but the woman in white got between me and my pencil, between me and my book. Had the forlorn creature come to any harm? That was my first thought, though I shrank selfishly from confronting it. Other thoughts followed, on which it was less harrowing to dwell. Where had she stopped the cab? What had become of her now? Had she been traced and captured by the men in the chaise? Or was she still capable of controlling her own actions; and were we two following our widely-parted roads towards one point in the mysterious future, at which we were to meet once more?

It was a relief when the hour came to lock my door, to bid farewell to London pursuits,

London pupils, and London friends, and to be in movement again towards new interests and a new life. Even the bustle and confusion at the railway terminus, so wearisome and bewildering at other times, roused me and did me good.

My travelling instructions directed me to go to Carlisle, and then to diverge by a branch railway which ran in the direction of the coast. As a misfortune to begin with, our engine broke down between Lancaster and Carlisle. The delay occasioned by this accident caused me to be too late for the branch train, by which I was to have gone on immediately. I had to wait some hours; and when a later train finally deposited me at the nearest station to Limeridge House, it was past ten, and the night was so dark that I could hardly see my way to the pony-chaise which Mr. Fairlie had ordered to be in waiting for me.

The driver was evidently discomposed by the lateness of my arrival. He was in that state of highly-respectful sulkiness which is peculiar to English servants. We drove away slowly through the darkness in perfect silence. The roads were bad, and the dense obscurity of the night increased the difficulty of getting over the ground quickly. It was, by my watch, nearly an hour and an half from the time of our leaving the station, before I heard the sound of the sea in the distance, and the crunch of our wheels on a smooth gravel drive. We had passed one gate before entering the drive, and we passed another before we drew up at the house. I was received by a solemn man-servant out of livery, was informed that the family had retired for the night, and was then led into a large and lofty room where my supper was awaiting me, in a forlorn manner, at one extremity of a lonesome mahogany wilderness of dining-table.

I was too tired and out of spirits to eat or drink much, especially with the solemn servant waiting on me as elaborately as if a small dinner-party had arrived at the house instead of a solitary man. In a quarter of an hour I was ready to be taken up to my bedchamber. The solemn servant conducted me into a prettily furnished room—said: "Breakfast at nine o'clock, sir"—looked all round him to see that everything was in its proper place—and noiselessly withdrew.

"What shall I see in my dreams to-night?" I thought to myself, as I put out the candle;

"the woman in white? or the unknown inhabitants of this Cumberland mansion?" It was a strange sensation to be sleeping in the house, like a friend of the family, and yet not to know one of the inmates, even by sight!

V.

WHEN I rose the next morning and drew up my blind, the sea opened before me joyously under the broad August sunlight, and the distant coast of Scotland fringed the horizon with its lines of melting blue.

The view was such a surprise, and such a change to me, after my weary London experience of brick and mortar landscape, that I seemed to burst into a new life and a new set of thoughts the moment I looked at it. A confused sensation of having suddenly lost my familiarity with the past, without acquiring any additional clearness of idea in reference to the present or the future, took possession of my mind. Circumstances that were but a few days old, faded back in my memory, as if they had happened months and months since. Pesca's quaint announcement of the means by which he had procured me my present employment; the farewell evening I had passed with my mother and sister; even my mysterious adventure on the way home from Hampstead, had all become like events which might have occurred at some former epoch of my existence. Although the woman in white was still in my mind, the image of her seemed to have grown dull and faint already.

A little before nine o'clock, I descended to the ground-floor of the house. The solemn manservant of the night before met me wandering among the passages, and compassionately showed me the way to the breakfast-room.

My first glance round me, as the man opened the door, disclosed a well-furnished breakfast-table, standing in the middle of a long room, with many windows in it. I looked from the table to the window farthest from me, and saw a lady standing at it, with her back turned towards me. The instant my eyes rested on her, I was struck by the rare beauty of her form, and by the unaffected grace of her attitude. Her figure was tall, yet not too tall; comely and well-developed, yet not fat; her head set on her shoulders with an easy, pliant firmness; her waist, perfection in the eyes of a man, for it occupied its natural place, it filled out its natural circle, it was visibly and delightfully undeformed by stays. She had not heard my entrance into the room; and I allowed myself the luxury of admiring her for a few moments, before I moved one of the chairs near me, as the least embarrassing means of attracting her attention. She turned towards me immediately. The easy elegance of every movement of her limbs and body as soon as she began to advance from the far end of the room, set me in a flutter of expectation to see her face clearly. She left the window—and I said to myself, The lady is dark. She moved forward a few steps—and I said to myself, The lady is young. She approached nearer—and I said to myself (with a sense of

surprise which words fail me to express), The lady is ugly!

Never was the old conventional maxim, that Nature cannot err, more flatly contradicted—never was the fair promise of a lovely figure more strangely and startlingly belied by the face and head that crowned it. The lady's complexion was almost swarthy, and the dark down on her upper lip was almost a moustache. She had a large, firm, masculine mouth and jaw; prominent, piercing, resolute brown eyes; and thick, coal-black hair, growing unusually low down on her forehead. Her expression—bright, frank, and intelligent, appeared—while she was silent, to be altogether wanting in those feminine attractions of gentleness and pliability, without which the beauty of the handsomest woman alive is beauty incomplete. To see such a face as this set on shoulders that a sculptor would have longed to model—to be charmed by the modest graces of action through which the symmetrical limbs betrayed their beauty when they moved, and then to be almost repelled by the masculine form and masculine look of the features in which the perfectly shaped figure ended—was to feel a sensation oddly akin to the helpless discomfort familiar to us all in sleep, when we recognise yet cannot reconcile the anomalies and contradictions of a dream.

"Mr. Hartright?" said the lady, interrogatively; her dark face lighting up with a smile, and softening and growing womanly the moment she began to speak. "We resigned all hope of you last night, and went to bed as usual. Accept my apologies for our apparent want of attention; and allow me to introduce myself as one of your pupils. Shall we shake hands? I suppose we must come to it sooner or later—and why not sooner?"

These odd words of welcome were spoken in a clear, ringing, pleasant voice. The offered hand—rather large, but beautifully formed—was given to me with the easy, unaffected self-reliance of a highly-bred woman. We sat down together at the breakfast-table in as cordial and customary a manner as if we had known each other for years, and had met at Limmeridge House to talk over old times by previous appointment.

"I hope you come here good-humouredly determined to make the best of your position," continued the lady. "You will have to begin this morning by putting up with no other company at breakfast than mine. My sister is in her own room, nursing that essentially feminine malady, a slight headache; and her old governess, Mrs. Vesey, is charitably attending on her with restorative tea. My uncle, Mr. Fairlie, never joins us at any of our meals: he is an invalid, and keeps bachelor state in his own apartments. There is nobody else in the house but me. Two young ladies have been staying here, but they went away yesterday, in despair; and no wonder. All through their visit (in consequence of Mr. Fairlie's invalid condition) we produced no such convenience in the house as a flirtable, danceable, small-talkable creature of

the male sex; and the consequence was, we did nothing but quarrel, especially at dinner-time. How can you expect four women to dine together alone every day, and not quarrel? We are such fools, we can't entertain each other at table. You see I don't think much of my own sex, Mr. Hartright—which will you have, tea or coffee?—no woman does think much of her own sex, although few of them confess it as freely as I do. Dear me, you look puzzled. Why? Are you wondering what you will have for breakfast? or are you surprised at my careless way of talking? In the first case, I advise you, as a friend, to have nothing to do with that cold ham at your elbow, and to wait till the omelette comes in. In the second case, I will give you some tea to compose your spirits, and do all a woman can (which is very little, by-the-by) to hold my tongue."

She handed me my cup of tea, laughing gaily. Her light flow of talk, and her lively familiarity of manner with a total stranger, were accompanied by an unaffected naturalness and an easy inborn confidence in herself and her position, which would have secured her the respect of the most audacious man breathing. While it was impossible to be formal and reserved in her company, it was more than impossible to take the faintest vestige of a liberty with her, even in thought. I felt this instinctively, even while I caught the infection of her own bright gaiety of spirits—even while I did my best to answer her in her own frank, lively way.

"Yes, yes," she said, when I had suggested the only explanation I could offer, to account for my perplexed looks, "I understand. You are such a perfect stranger in the house, that you are puzzled by my familiar references to the worthy inhabitants. Natural enough: I ought to have thought of it before. At any rate, I can set it right now. Suppose I begin with myself, so as to get done with that part of the subject as soon as possible? My name is Marian Halcombe; and I am as inaccurate, as women usually are, in calling Mr. Fairlie my uncle, and Miss Fairlie my sister. My mother was twice married: the first time to Mr. Halcombe, my father; the second time to Mr. Fairlie, my half-sister's father. Except that we are both orphans, we are in every respect as unlike each other as possible. My father was a poor man, and Miss Fairlie's father was a rich man. I have got nothing, and she is an heiress. I am dark and ugly, and she is fair and pretty. Everybody thinks me crabbed and odd (with perfect justice); and everybody thinks her sweet-tempered and charming (with more justice still). In short, she is an angel; and I am——" Try some of that marmalade, Mr. Hartright, and finish the sentence, in the name of female propriety, for yourself. What am I to tell you about Mr. Fairlie? Upon my honour, I hardly know. He is sure to send for you after breakfast, and you can study him for yourself. In the mean time, I may inform you, first, that he is the late Mr. Fairlie's younger brother; secondly, that he is a single man; and, thirdly, that he is Miss Fairlie's

guardian. I won't live without her, and she can't live without me; and that is how I come to be at Limmeridge House. My sister and I are honestly fond of each other; which, you will say, is perfectly unaccountable, under the circumstances, and I quite agree with you—but so it is. You must please both of us, Mr. Hartright, or please neither of us; and, what is still more trying, you will be thrown entirely upon our society. Mrs. Vesey is an excellent person, who possesses all the cardinal virtues, and counts for nothing; and Mr. Fairlie is too great an invalid to be a companion for anybody. I don't know what is the matter with him, and the doctors don't know what is the matter with him, and he doesn't know himself what is the matter with him. We all say it's on the nerves, and we none of us know what we mean when we say it. However, I advise you to humour his little peculiarities, when you see him to-day. Admire his collection of coins, prints, and water-colour drawings, and you will win his heart. Upon my word, if you can be contented with a quiet country life, I don't see why you should not get on very well here. From breakfast to lunch, Mr. Fairlie's drawings will occupy you. After lunch, Miss Fairlie and I shoulder our sketch-books, and go out to misrepresent nature, under your directions. Drawing is *her* favourite whim, mind, not mine. Women can't draw—their minds are too flighty, and their eyes are too inattentive. No matter—my sister likes it; so I waste paint and spoil paper, for her sake, as composedly as any woman in England. As for the evenings, I think we can help you through them. Miss Fairlie plays delightfully. For my own poor part, I don't know one note of music from the other; but I can match you at chess, backgammon, écarté, and (with the inevitable female drawbacks) even at billiards as well. What do you think of the programme? Can you reconcile yourself to our quiet, regular life? or do you mean to be restless, and secretly thirst for change and adventure, in the humdrum atmosphere of Limmeridge House?"

She had run on thus far, in her gracefully bantering way, with no other interruptions on my part than the unimportant replies which politeness required of me. The turn of the expression, however, in her last question, or rather the one chance word, "adventure," lightly as it fell from her lips, recalled my thoughts to my meeting with the woman in white, and urged me to discover the connexion which the stranger's own reference to Mrs. Fairlie informed me must once have existed between the nameless fugitive from the Asylum, and the former mistress of Limmeridge House.

"Even if I were the most restless of mankind," I said, "I should be in no danger of thirsting after adventures for some time to come. The very night before I arrived at this house, I met with an adventure; and the wonder and excitement of it, I can assure you, Miss Halcombe, will last me for the whole term of my stay in Cumberland, if not for a much longer period."

"You don't say so, Mr. Hartright! May I hear it?"

"You have a claim to hear it. The chief person in the adventure was a total stranger to me, and may perhaps be a total stranger to you; but she certainly mentioned the name of the late Mrs. Fairlie in terms of the sincerest gratitude and regard."

"Mentioned my mother's name! You interest me indescribably. Pray go on."

I at once related the circumstances under which I had met the woman in white, exactly as they had occurred; and I repeated what she had said to me about Mrs. Fairlie and Limmeridge House, word for word.

Miss Halcombe's bright resolute eyes looked eagerly into mine, from the beginning of the narrative to the end. Her face expressed vivid interest and astonishment, but nothing more. She was evidently as far from knowing of any clue to the mystery as I was myself.

"Are you quite sure of those words referring to my mother?" she asked.

"Quite sure," I replied. "Whoever she may be, the woman was once at school in the village of Limmeridge, was treated with especial kindness by Mrs. Fairlie, and, in grateful remembrance of that kindness, feels an affectionate interest in all surviving members of the family. She knew that Mrs. Fairlie and her husband were both dead; and she spoke of Miss Fairlie as if they had known each other when they were children."

"You said, I think, that she denied belonging to this place?"

"Yes, she told me she came from Hampshire."

"And you entirely failed to find out her name?"

"Entirely."

"Very strange. I think you were quite justified, Mr. Hartright, in giving the poor creature her liberty, for she seems to have done nothing in your presence to show herself unfit to enjoy it. But I wish you had been a little more resolute about finding out her name. We must really clear up this mystery, in some way. You had better not speak of it yet to Mr. Fairlie, or to my sister. They are both of them, I am certain, quite as ignorant of who the woman is, and of what her past history in connexion with us can be, as I am myself. But they are also, in widely different ways, rather nervous and sensitive; and you would only fidget one and alarm the other to no purpose. As for myself, I am all aflame with curiosity, and I devote my whole energies to the business of discovery from this moment. When my mother came here, after her second marriage, she certainly established the village school just as it exists at the present time. But the old teachers are all dead, or gone elsewhere; and no enlightenment is to be hoped for from that quarter. The only other alternative I can think of—"

At this point we were interrupted by the entrance of the servant, with a message from Mr. Fairlie, intimating that he would be glad to see me, as soon as I had done breakfast.

"Wait in the hall," said Miss Halcombe, answering the servant for me, in her quick, ready way. "Mr. Hartright will come out directly. I was about to say," she went on, addressing me again, "that my sister and I have a large collection of my mother's letters, addressed to my father and to hers. In the absence of any other means of getting information, I will pass the morning in looking over my mother's correspondence with Mr. Fairlie. He was fond of London, and was constantly away from his country home; and she was accustomed, at such times, to write and report to him how things went on at Limmeridge. Her letters are full of references to the school in which she took so strong an interest; and I think it more than likely that I may have discovered something when we meet again. The luncheon hour is two, Mr. Hartright. I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to my sister by that time, and we will occupy the afternoon in driving round the neighbourhood and showing you all our pet points of view. Till two o'clock, then, farewell."

She nodded to me with the lively grace, the delightful refinement of familiarity, which characterised all that she did and all that she said; and disappeared by a door at the lower end of the room. As soon as she had left me, I turned my steps towards the hall, and followed the servant on my way, for the first time, to the presence of Mr. Fairlie.

VI.

My conductor led me up-stairs into a passage which took us back to the bedchamber in which I had slept during the past night; and opening the door next to it, begged me to look in.

"I have my master's orders to show you your own sitting room, sir," said the man, "and to inquire if you approve of the situation and the light."

I must have been hard to please, indeed, if I had not approved of the room, and of everything about it. The bow-window looked out on the same lovely view which I had admired, in the morning, from my bedroom. The furniture was the perfection of luxury and beauty; the table in the centre was bright with gaily bound books, elegant conveniences for writing, and beautiful flowers; the second table, near the window, was covered with all the necessary materials for mounting water-colour drawings, and had a little easel attached to it, which I could expand or fold up at will; the walls were hung with gaily tinted chintz; and the floor was spread with Indian matting in maize-colour and red. It was the prettiest and most luxurious little sitting-room I had ever seen; and I admired it with the warmest enthusiasm.

The solemn servant was far too highly trained to betray the slightest satisfaction. He bowed with icy deference when my terms of eulogy were all exhausted, and silently opened the door for me to go out into the passage again.

We turned a corner, and entered a long second passage, ascended a short flight of stairs at the

end, crossed a small circular upper hall, and stopped in front of a door covered with dark baize. The servant opened this door, and led me on a few yards to a second; opened that also, and disclosed two curtains of pale sea-green silk hanging before us; raised one of them noiselessly; softly uttered the words, "Mr. Hartright," and left me.

I found myself in a large, lofty room, with a magnificent carved ceiling, and with a carpet over the floor, so thick and soft that it felt like piles of velvet under my feet. One side of the room was occupied by a long bookcase of some rare inlaid wood that was quite new to me. It was not more than six feet high, and the top was adorned with statuettes in marble, ranged at regular distances one from the other. On the opposite side stood two antique cabinets; and between them, and above them, hung a picture of the Virgin and Child, protected by glass, and bearing Raphael's name on the gilt tablet at the bottom of the frame. On my right hand and on my left, as I stood inside the door, were chiffoniers and little stands in buhl and marquetterie, loaded with figures in Dresden china, with rare vases, ivory ornaments, and toys and curiosities that sparkled at all points with gold, silver, and precious stones. At the lower end of the room, opposite to me, the windows were concealed and the sunlight was tempered by large blinds of the same pale sea-green colour as the curtains over the door. The light thus produced was deliciously soft, mysterious, and subdued; it fell equally upon all the objects in the room; it helped to intensify the deep silence, and the air of profound seclusion that possessed the place; and it surrounded, with an appropriate halo of repose, the solitary figure of the master of the house, leaning back, listlessly composed, in a large easy-chair, with a reading-easel fastened on one of its arms, and a little table on the other.

If a man's personal appearance, when he is out of his dressing-room, and when he has passed forty, can be accepted as a safe guide to his time of life—which is more than doubtful—Mr. Fairlie's age, when I saw him, might have been reasonably computed at over fifty and under sixty years. His beardless face was thin, worn, and transparently pale, but not wrinkled; his nose was high and hooked; his eyes were of a dim greyish blue, large, prominent, and rather red round the rims of the eyelids; his hair was scanty, soft to look at, and of that light sandy colour which is the last to disclose its own changes towards grey. He was dressed in a dark frock-coat, of some substance much thinner than cloth, and in waistcoat and trousers of spotless white. His feet were exorbitantly small, and were clad in buff-coloured silk stockings, and little womanish bronze-leather slippers. Two rings adorned his white delicate hands, the value of which even my inexperienced observation detected to be all but priceless. Upon the whole, he had a frail, languidly-fretful, over-refined look—something singularly and unpleasantly delicate in its association with a man, and, at the same time, some-

thing which could by no possibility have looked natural and appropriate if it had been transferred to the personal appearance of a woman. My morning's experience of Miss Halcombe had predisposed me to be pleased with everybody in the house; but my sympathies shut themselves up resolutely at the first sight of Mr. Fairlie.

On approaching nearer to him, I discovered that he was not so entirely without occupation as I had at first supposed. Placed amid the other rare and beautiful objects on a large round table near him, was a dwarf cabinet in ebony and silver, containing coins of all shapes and sizes, set out in little drawers lined with dark-purple velvet. One of these drawers lay on the small table attached to his chair; and near it were some tiny jewellers' brushes, a washleather "stump," and a little bottle of liquid, all waiting to be used in various ways for the removal of any accidental impurities which might be discovered on the coins. His frail white fingers were listlessly toying with something which looked, to my uninstructed eyes, like a dirty pewter medal with ragged edges, when I advanced within a respectful distance of his chair, and stopped to make my bow.

"So glad to possess you at Limmeridge, Mr. Hartright," he said, in a querulous, croaking voice, which combined, in anything but an agreeable manner, a discordantly high tone with a drowsily languid utterance. "Pray sit down. And don't trouble yourself to move the chair, please. In the wretched state of my nerves, movement of any kind is exquisitely painful to me. Have you seen your studio? Will it do?"

"I have just come from seeing the room, Mr. Fairlie; and I assure you——"

He stopped me in the middle of the sentence, by closing his eyes, and holding up one of his white hands imploringly. I paused in astonishment; and the croaking voice honoured me with this explanation:

"Pray excuse me. But *could* you contrive to speak in a lower key? In the wretched state of my nerves, loud sound of any kind is indescribable torture to me. You will pardon an invalid? I only say to you what the lamentable state of my health obliges me to say to everybody. Yes. And you really like the room?"

"I could wish for nothing prettier and nothing more comfortable," I answered, dropping my voice, and beginning to discover already that Mr. Fairlie's selfish affectation and Mr. Fairlie's wretched nerves meant one and the same thing.

"So glad. You will find your position here, Mr. Hartright, properly recognised. There is none of the horrid English barbarity of feeling about the social position of an artist, in this house. So much of my early life has been passed abroad, that I have quite cast my insular skin in that respect. I wish I could say the same of the gentry—detestable word, but I suppose I must use it—of the gentry in the neighbourhood. They are sad Goths in Art, Mr. Hartright. People, I do assure you, who would have opened their eyes in astonishment, if they had seen

Charles the Fifth pick up Titian's brush for him. Do you mind putting this tray of coins back in the cabinet, and giving me the next one to it? In the wretched state of my nerves, exertion of any kind is unspeakably disagreeable to me. Yes. Thank you."

As a practical commentary on the liberal social theory which he had just favoured me by illustrating, Mr. Fairlie's cool request rather amused me. I put back one drawer and gave him the other, with all possible politeness. He began trifling with the new set of coins and the little brushes immediately; languidly looking at them and admiring them all the time he was speaking to me.

"A thousand thanks and a thousand excuses. Do you like coins? Yes. So glad we have another taste in common besides our taste for Art. Now, about the pecuniary arrangements between us—do tell me—are they satisfactory?"

"Most satisfactory, Mr. Fairlie."

"So glad. And—what next? Ah! I remember. Yes? In reference to the consideration which you are good enough to accept for giving me the benefit of your accomplishments in art, my steward will wait on you at the end of the first week, to ascertain your wishes. And—what next? Curious, is it not? I had a great deal more to say; and I appear to have quite forgotten it. Do you mind touching the bell? In that corner. Yes. Thank you."

I rang; and a new servant noiselessly made his appearance—a foreigner, with a set smile and perfectly brushed hair—a valet every inch of him.

"Louis," said Mr. Fairlie, dreamily dusting the tips of his fingers with one of the tiny brushes for the coins, "I made some entries in my tablettes this morning. Find my tablettes. A thousand pardons, Mr. Hartright. I'm afraid I bore you."

As he wearily closed his eyes again, before I could answer, and as he did most assuredly bore me, I sat silent, and looked up at the Madonna and Child by Raphael. In the mean time, the valet left the room, and returned shortly with a little ivory book. Mr. Fairlie, after first relieving himself by a gentle sigh, let the book drop open with one hand, and held up the tiny brush with the other, as a sign to the servant to wait for further orders.

"Yes. Just so!" said Mr. Fairlie, consulting the tablettes. "Louis, take down that portfolio." He pointed, as he spoke, to several portfolios placed near the window, on mahogany stands. "No. Not the one with the green back—that contains my Rembrandt etchings, Mr. Hartright. Do you like etchings? Yes? So glad we have another taste in common. The portfolio with the red back, Louis. Don't drop it! You have no idea of the tortures I should suffer, Mr. Hartright, if Louis dropped that portfolio. Is it safe on the chair? Do you think it safe, Mr. Hartright? Yes? So glad. Will you oblige me by looking at the drawings, if you really think they're quite safe. Louis, go

away. What an ass you are. Don't you see me holding the tablettes? Do you suppose I want to hold them? Then why not relieve me of the tablettes without being told? A thousand pardons, Mr. Hartright; servants are such asses, are they not? Do tell me—what do you think of the drawings? They have come from a sale in a shocking state—I thought they smelt of horrid dealers' and brokers' fingers when I looked at them last. Can you undertake them?"

Although my nerves were not delicate enough to detect the odour of plebeian fingers which had offended Mr. Fairlie's nostrils, my taste was sufficiently educated to enable me to appreciate the value of the drawings, while I turned them over. They were, for the most part, really fine specimens of English water-colour Art; and they had deserved much better treatment at the hands of their former possessor than they appeared to have received.

"The drawings," I answered, "require careful straining and mounting; and, in my opinion, they are well worth—"

"I beg your pardon," interposed Mr. Fairlie. "Do you mind my closing my eyes while you speak? Even this light is too much for them. Yes?"

"I was about to say that the drawings are well worth all the time and trouble—"

Mr. Fairlie suddenly opened his eyes again, and rolled them with an expression of helpless alarm in the direction of the window.

"I entreat you to excuse me, Mr. Hartright," he said, in a feeble flutter. "But surely I hear some horrid children in the garden—my private garden—below?"

"I can't say, Mr. Fairlie. I heard nothing myself."

"Oblige me—you have been so very good in humouring my poor nerves—oblige me by lifting up a corner of the blind. Don't let the sun in on me, Mr. Hartright! Have you got the blind up? Yes? Then will you be so very kind as to look into the garden and make quite sure?"

I complied with this new request. The garden was carefully walled in, all round. Not a human creature, large or small, appeared in any part of the sacred seclusion. I reported that gratifying fact to Mr. Fairlie.

"A thousand thanks. My fancy, I suppose. There are no children, thank Heaven, in the house; but the servants (persons born without nerves) will encourage the children from the village. Such brats—oh, dear me, such brats! Shall I confess it, Mr. Hartright?—I sadly want a reform in the construction of children. Nature's only idea seems to be to make them machines for the production of incessant noise. Surely our delightful Raffaello's conception is infinitely preferable?"

He pointed to the picture of the Madonna, the upper part of which represented the conventional cherubs of Italian Art, celestially provided with sitting accommodation for their chins, on balloons of buff-coloured cloud.

"Quite a model family!" said Mr. Fairlie,

leering at the cherubs. "Such nice round faces, and such nice soft wings, and—nothing else. No dirty little legs to run about on, and no noisy little lungs to scream with. How immeasurably superior to the existing construction! I will close my eyes again, if you will allow me. And you really can manage the drawings? So glad. Is there anything else to settle? If there is, I think I have forgotten it. Shall we ring for Louis again?"

Being, by this time, quite as anxious, on my side, as Mr. Fairlie evidently was on his, to bring the interview to a speedy conclusion, I thought I would try to render the summoning of the servant unnecessary, by offering the requisite suggestion on my own responsibility.

"The only point, Mr. Fairlie, that remains to be discussed," I said, "refers, I think, to the instruction in sketching which I am engaged to communicate to the two young ladies."

"Ah! just so," said Mr. Fairlie. "I wish I felt strong enough to go into that part of the arrangement—but I don't. The ladies, who profit by your kind services, Mr. Hartright, must settle, and decide, and so on, for themselves. My niece is fond of your charming art. She knows just enough about it to be conscious of her own sad defects. Please take pains with her. Yes. Is there anything else? No. We quite understand each other—don't we? I have no right to detain you any longer from your delightful pursuit—have I? So pleasant to have settled everything—such a sensible relief to have done business. Do you mind ringing for Louis to carry the portfolio to your own room?"

"I will carry it there, myself, Mr. Fairlie, if you will allow me."

"Will you really? Are you strong enough? How nice to be so strong! Are you sure you won't drop it? So glad to possess you at Limeridge, Mr. Hartright. I am such a sufferer that I hardly dare hope to enjoy much of your society. Would you mind taking great pains not to let the doors bang, and not to drop the portfolio? Thank you. Gently with the curtains, please—the slightest noise from them goes through me like a knife. Yes. Good morning!"

When the sea-green curtains were closed, and when the two baize doors were shut behind me, I stopped for a moment in the little circular hall beyond, and drew a long, luxurious breath of relief. It was like coming to the surface of the water, after deep diving, to find myself once more on the outside of Mr. Fairlie's room.

As soon as I was comfortably established for the morning in my pretty little studio, the first resolution at which I arrived was to turn my steps no more in the direction of the apartments occupied by the master of the house, except in the very improbable event of his honouring me with a special invitation to pay him another visit. Having settled this satisfactory plan of future conduct, in reference to Mr. Fairlie, I soon recovered the serenity of temper of which

my employer's haughty familiarity and impudent politeness had, for the moment, deprived me. The remaining hours of the morning passed away pleasantly enough, in looking over the drawings, arranging them in sets, trimming their ragged edges, and accomplishing the other necessary preparations in anticipation of the business of mounting them. I ought, perhaps, to have made more progress than this; but, as the luncheon-time drew near, I grew restless and unsettled, and felt unable to fix my attention on work, even though that work was only of the humble manual kind.

At two o'clock, I descended again to the breakfast-room, a little anxiously. Expectations of some interest were connected with my approaching reappearance in that part of the house. My introduction to Miss Fairlie was now close at hand; and, if Miss Halcombe's search through her mother's letters had produced the result which she anticipated, the time had come for clearing up the mystery of the woman in white.

REAL HORRORS OF WAR.

THE spade is now busy on the ground of Solferino and Magenta. The manumitted husbandman, now bidden to look up and be cheerful because he has been set free gloriously, ruefully takes thought how he shall remedy the disorder his deliverers have brought to him. Almost with despair he gazes upon his crops, trodden into a mash by swiftly passing legions; upon the stumps of his vine-trees, cut down pitilessly to warm his benefactors' soup; above all, upon the memorials they have left to him, of bodies thrust barely a foot below his soil, from which the sweltering sun distils the thick miasma of decomposition, encompassing him in a cloud too broad to travel out of. It will be long before those human shambles can be made to take the smooth, decent, tranquil aspect of a graveyard.

But for the people outside, who stood round watching the fight, with bated breath and senses painfully strained, it seemed a glorious, thrilling spectacle, that campaign just now played out. For those who sit at a distance and read all the shifts and turnings and general theatrical business of a war in the open field, the trumpet-blowing and fanfares, the flaunting colours and gaudy liveries, the marching and manœuvring, the desperate charges and bits of dramatic heroism have a grand and pulse-thrilling effect which makes the eyes sparkle and the colour come and go. There is, at home, data from Aldershot, to furnish the upholstery and supply a light basis for fancy.

But this is all no more than the fine colouring of a consumptive cheek, or the bloom of a rotten apple. There is not, of all things existent, a more repulsive, coarse, untheatrical business than war, and what it brings with it. The delicate film of gaudiness rubs off in

an hour; the gold lace tarnishes in a night; the bright uniforms, faded with rain and puddle stains, fall into rags and show great patches. Improvised camps become presently filthy swamps and open sewers. The grand "pompe and circumstance of glorious war" is well enough in the abstract; in its details and private bearings it is offensive, rough, and overpowering.

Think only of the common hackneyed expressions which pass so lightly between the lips when speaking of a great battle. We talk exultingly, and with a certain fire, of "a magnificent charge!" of "a splendid charge!" yet very few will think of the hideous particulars these two airy words stand for. The "splendid charge" is a headlong rush of men on strong horses urged to their fullest speed, riding down and overwhelming an opposing mass of men on foot. The reader's mind goes no further: being content with the information that the enemy's line was "broken" and "gave way." It does not fill in the picture. To do so effectively, we must think first, of an ordinary individual run down in the public street by a horseman moving at an easy pace. The result is, usually, fracture and violent contusion. We may strengthen the tones of the picture by setting this horseman at full gallop, and joining to him a company of other flying horsemen. How will it then be with the unhappy pedestrian? So when the "splendid charge" has done its work, and passed by, there will be found a sight, very much like the scene of a frightful railway accident. There will be the full complement of backs broken in two; of arms twisted wholly off; of men impaled upon their own bayonets; of legs smashed up like bits of firewood; of heads sliced open like apples; of other heads crunched into soft jelly by iron hoofs of horses; of faces trampled out of all likeness to anything human. This is what skulks behind "a splendid charge!" This is what follows, as a matter of course, when "our fellows rode at them in style," and "cut them up famously." Again, how often does the commander, writing home in his official despatches, dwell particularly on the gallant conduct of Captain Smith, who, finding the enemy were "annoying our right a little, got his gun" into position, and effectually "held them in check." Both expressions are fair drawing-room phrases, to be mentioned cheerfully by ladies' lips. It is, as it were, a few flies buzzing about "our right wing," teasing and fretting "our" men. And yet, properly translated, it signifies this: that stray men of that right wing are now and then leaping with a convulsive start into the air, as a Minié bullet flies with sharp sting through their hearts; that stray men, suddenly struck, are rolling on the ground, that a man, here and there, is dropping down quite suddenly with a shriek, his firelock tumbling from his hand; in short, that there is a series of violent death-scenes being enacted up and down the long line.

The reading public—instructed by journals and books of memoirs—can form for itself

satisfactory pictures of the poor soldiers in hospital, lying on their pallets in rows, say at Scutari, having their pillows smoothed and cooling drinks proffered by those kind, charitable ladies who went out to be their nurses. Has not the public viewed paintings of the scene—the sick warrior lying in comfortable convalescence, and taking with grateful languor the cool beverage from his gentle attendant? The sympathising public has also had presented to it in manly and affecting language, by Mr. RUSSELL, some pictures of those sufferings which fall under the frightful category of gun-shot wounds. Doctor Williamson has now collected a number of cases from the late Indian mutiny, with the view of assisting his profession; take a few samples from this miscellany as among the real horrors of War.

Private John Halliday received a gun-shot wound in the head, which carried away "a large portion of the scalp and bone," and left a "large irregular opening" about two inches in diameter, through which the brain might be seen pulsating. This injury was done by bits of the telegraph wire ingeniously cut up into slugs. Private O'Leary was stricken by a large fragment of shell, and at first appeared not to be seriously injured. Presently he complained of headache and sickness, and a "crucial" incision was at once made. Here was discovered a fracture, and an opening left "about the size of a shilling." The dura mater at once protruded through the wound and was punctured. In a few days convulsive fits came on, with paralysis, and he died comatose. Poor private O'Leary! On post-mortem examination, one half of his head, internally, was discovered to be a mass of blood and "disorganised cerebral matter." Private McKenzie had been hit in the same place, and had several large fragments of bone removed from him by means of an instrument known as Hey's saw; still "inflammation of the brain and its membranes" set in, and the surgeons thought of making a closer examination, when a great fragment of bone was discovered, "turned edgeways," and sticking into the dura mater! Strange to say, private McKenzie recovered, and is doing duty now.

Another soldier was brought in with "nearly half the roof of his skull blown off by a shell," yet who held on, till the tenth day.

Often, a ball striking on the scalp splits into two pieces, so stout is the bony texture of the skull. One fragment, however, is sure to penetrate. Sometimes, it leaves a clean round hole with cracks radiating from it in all directions as in a broken pane of glass.

Often, the ball cannot be found, and has to be groped for unsuccessfully, with the probe. One wretched private had to carry it twenty-five days in his head. Another man's piece burst in his hand, and part of the lock got embedded under his eye, too far in to be removed. Many more were afflicted by a ball making entrance just behind the ear, and passing out over the temple.

Then, come the bayonet wounds, jagged, perplexing, and painful. Now has it been thrust vio-

lently through the chest and lungs and out at the back, and is as violently withdrawn with a peculiar twist, whence come suppuration, painful gasping for breath, and all manner of horrid accompaniments. Now it has impaled the intestines, producing strange complication. Now it has pierced the lower extremity of the heart, and, curious to say, the victim has lived five days. The spine comes in, too, for its share of injury. A bullet skims through the body, smashes the lower vertebrae of the column, makes it escape the other side. The bones come away in little pieces. The new Minié ball has, we are told, the useful property of shivering the bone into numberless splinters and fragments. The conical point acts as a wedge, and the scattering of the splinters adds much to the inflammation. So the dismal catalogue runs on.

The real horrors of war are played out to the utmost on the hospital pallet when the theatrical business is all over.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

We have had a great many guides and teachers in the art of money-making; but none so practical and straightforward as Mr. Edwin Freedley, U.S. One Thousand Chances to make Money has that gentleman given to an underserving public; and we have not heard of any one, including himself and his publisher, who has been a penny the richer. A thousand chances on which to build a colossal fortune, and not so much as a shantie or a shealing erected? Surely something must be amiss! The schemes read feasible and rational enough, with nothing impracticable about them; which renders this neglect more than ever an anomaly in the money-making British public. At all events, our readers shall judge for themselves: and, if a plum be the result, we shall claim at least the kernel.

Mines, monopolies, contracts, and speculation in government securities with the advantage of early information, have been the most celebrated foundations on which large fortunes have been raised. No one ever made such successful hits in the first, as the Spaniards, when they first possessed South America; and Rothschild has been, and is still, the lord of the last. Monopolies were the great sources of middle-age wealth; and contracts in war-times have transformed beggars into princes. Slave-trading is another very profitable speculation. In fifty years Brazil made a clear profit of seven hundred and sixty millions of dollars; and even now the thirty thousand negroes annually shipped from Africa to Cuba and the Brazils represent an annual income of about eleven millions of dollars. Slave-raising, again, is a certain fortune to the raiser; but with these last two chances we Englishmen, thank Heaven, have nothing to do. Speculations in land lots have been vastly profitable, especially in America, to which country we may as well state, Mr. Freedley's book more directly refers. Trading in furs gave Astor two hundred and fifty thousand

dollars in less than twenty years. Another chance lies down among the horned and swinish multitudes. In Venezuela, and other portions of South America, thousands of beasts are annually slaughtered for the sake of their tallow, hoofs, and hides. In the mean time, beefsteaks are eighteen cents the pound in New York, or one shilling in London, while the bodies of our horned and bristled friends are left to decay in the South American fields. Now, what Mr. Freedley proposes is this:—that some enterprising individual should start off to those fields with a sufficient stock of ferruginous, or iron, syrup, which syrup “dries up fresh meat so that it resists the most active effects of putrefaction,” and could thus supply fresh meat at sixpence the pound to New York and London. For, when required for use, if the meat is put into cold water, it swells out to its original volume, and has all the colour and odour of fresh meat. This, and the making a concentration of meat, is what Mr. Freedley advises. Casareep, a delicious sauce made from the cassava plant, being also a powerful antiseptic, will preserve meat, for any length of time, even in the tropics; and pyroligneous acid, obtained by the destructive distillation of wood, will not only keep meat fresh and sweet, but even restore that which has already begun to decay. Then, stock-raising is recommended as a good speculation, especially “jack raising,” which we suppose to mean the breeding of jackasses. Again, more sheep are wanted, both for food and flannel, the clear returns of which speculation are shown as indubitably fifty per cent. Poultry and eggs, too, are scarcer and dearer than need be: why not establish extensive heneries, hatch by steam, and make a fortune while feeding hungry thousands? A M. de Sora, near Paris, has made a fortune by his heneries. He breeds by steam and science, and feeds on knackers' horses, of which he sells skin, blood, bones, and hoofs, and thus reduces the cost of his poultry-food to next to nothing. He has his twenty-two horses per diem cut into sausage-meat, seasoned with salt and a little ground pepper. This sausage-meat he keeps in large barrels, always at freezing point, so that the meat never becomes putrid. The hens eat it greedily. He fattens them off for three weeks on crushed grain, and never keeps a hen for more than four years. He hatches by steam, and allows no maternal longings to find expression in his henary. His hens have only to lay, eat, and get fat; when their work is done. They then appear at Vefour's or Les Frères Provençaux, stuffed with truffles or à la financière, and thus attain the highest end and aim of a hen's ultimate being. If you want to make a farm-yard profitable, Mr. Freedley goes on to say, keep no roosters and allow no nest-eggs; feed your hens on chopped meat from fall to spring—say half an ounce daily—and give them buckwheat instead of corn.

Why should we be limited to cane sugar? Beetroot sugar, discovered by Margraf so long ago as 1747, would answer everybody's turn just as well. But not half enough beetroot

sugar is made, though the production is no trifling matter as it stands. France alone consumes one hundred and fifty thousand tons yearly, and the rest of the European countries half as much more. Still more might be made. Mr. Freedley tells his readers a few secrets in beetroot sugar-making, which he thinks they ought to know: he is liberal of all sorts of manufacturing secrets, allowing no close guilds anywhere. The white, or Silesian beet, he says, yields the most saccharine matter—from two to ten and a half per cent.—allowing a somewhat wide margin for differences; the yellow beet comes next, then the red, and, last of all, the common field beet. Count Chaptal says that, in his manufactory, five tons of clean roots produced four and a half hundredweight of coarse sugar, which, in its turn, gave one hundred and sixty pounds of double-refined, and sixty pounds of inferior lump sugar. The residue was in the form of molasses, yielding a good spirit. Achard, the principal sugar manufacturer in Silesia, says that from one ton of roots he gets one hundred pounds of raw sugar, fifty-five pounds of refined, and fifteen pounds of treacle. Beetroot sugar is like cane sugar in sweetness and nutritious qualities, and even refines more easily. Consumers do say that beetroot sugar would be perfect, if it were only a little sweeter.

The manufacture of maple sugar offers many advantages to the modern seeker after money; and the extensive cultivation of the sorghum, or Chinese sugar-cane, would give a fortune to the cultivator. Dr. Sicard, of Marseilles, has manufactured an excellent sugar from the sorghum. By grinding the seed, he has obtained flour, of which he has made delicious bread and chocolate. Alcohol, too, he has got in large quantities from the same plant; as well as paper, gamboge, ginseng, and carbon, and dyes, by which he has dyed silks, woollens, and cottons in those delicate and varying shades which have hitherto been found only in native Chinese manufactures. The cultivation of the sorghum would seem to promise a new race of Monte Christos.

The world wants hemp: some among us think that hemp should be a perpetual institution among us: a universal order of the national garter. Mr. Freedley recommends the cultivation of the New Zealand flax, a vegetable described as three times as strong as the *Agave Americana*, twice as strong as ordinary flax, and stronger even than Russian hemp. He does not say that New Zealand flax is already used in this country; but speaks of it as a novelty. A single three-inch leaf of the New Zealand flax, split into strips, will, when knotted together, form a flat green cord fifty feet long, which no slight strain will break. The natives use it for girths, halters, measuring-tapes, boot-laces, and strings; and if a pig or sheep has to be tied, a couple of leaves split, or whole, form a cord as strong as fate and vengeance. It can also bear hacking out to an almost inconceivable fineness; and altogether is a most valuable member of the vegetable fra-

ternity, cheap to buy, easy to rear, and with capabilities by no means reduced to their ultimate. The sisal hemp, which is the product of the *Agave Americana*, is also very enticing to the speculator. It grows on the poorest kind of land, even on barren, stony islands and waste places, requires no kind of cultivation, and after the fourth year will yield one thousand dollars annually per acre. All that is needful to be done is to drop the seed in ground, leave it to nature and itself for the first four years, and after that go in, cut, clean, and sell. Money is to be made by importing foreign growths, and raising them on our home soils. Turkish flint-wheat is one of those recommended as "a hardy, full variety, with a dark-coloured chaff, a very heavy beard, and a long, flinty, light-coloured berry." It stands cold well; its beard saves it from insects, and its flinty seed does not get mouldy or weevily in the stack or bin. Other wheats are recommended, of fabulous returns and ideal plumpness and clearness of skin; and substitutes for potatoes are urged on consumer and producer; the Chinese yam and the *saa-ga-ban*, or glycine apios, are specially introduced as chief candidates for the place. The Chinese yam will remain for some years under ground without shooting, and uninjured by the frost; and the *saa-ga-ban*, as the Macinac Indians call the glycine apios, is even more nutritious than the ordinary potato. This last contains about fourteen per cent. of starch to seventy-six per cent. of water: the *saa-ga-ban* is reported to make the numbers twenty-one per cent. of starch and fifty per cent. of water. The starch is very white, and closely resembles that made from arrowroot, and the tubes contain vegetable albumen, gum, and sugar. The prairie turnip, in form and size like a hen's or goose's egg; the wild bean, with its rich and pleasant flavour; the earth-mouse (*Lathyrus tuberosus*), which the French peasant will not cultivate because, he says, it walks underground, and leaves one field for another, but which, like an earth-chestnut in form and colour, and like an earth-chestnut in flavour, is a very desirable acquaintance; the Brazilian api; the tapioca, or bay rush, which grows in the Bahamas group, in the form of a large beet, from twelve to sixteen inches long, and which makes excellent bread; the koomah plant (*Valeriana edulis*); the kamas root (*Camassia esculenta*), like preserved quince in flavour; the seeds of the arcanian pine, of the nut pine, and the Australian pine; and the singhara, or water-nut, are all highly recommended by Mr. Freedley to the notice of producers, as substitutes for potatoes, or as garden vegetables of excellent properties.

Grasses, again, offer means for the investment of capital and the employment of industry superior to many other more favourite speculations. The wonderful flavour of the Philadelphia spring butter has been proved to result from the sweet-scented vernal grass, of which the cows are immoderately fond. Why not import the sweet-scented vernal grass into English meadows? Failing this, why not make it artificially? Its

peculiar perfume is owing to benzoic acid, and one smart farmer, having discovered this, forthwith, twice a day, gave his cows from twenty to thirty grains of benzoin, dissolved in hot water, then stirred into their corn or meal. He got the same kind of butter as the Philadelphian May butter, which all Americans go wild about. Grow China grass, for cloth; grow jute hemp from the two plants chonch and isbund, and make quantities of gunny and gunny-bags, also carpets that will sell at a profit at eightpence the yard, and shrivel up into rags if they get wet. This last is a quality about which the manufacturer has no cause to trouble himself. Sow Chinese rice, which will grow well in moderately warm climates, and give good harvests at a trifling cost; and where you can—say, in the southern states, or our own warm colonies—plant oranges and lemons, bamboos, coca plants, camphor-trees, and tea-shrubs; and especially cultivate the mati, or Paraguay tea, which adulterates the real souchong wholesomely and cunningly. We want more drugs; so say the allopathists. Why not, then, cultivate the liquorice-root, the opium poppy, the rhatany plant, and quassia, which is such a handsome shrub; vanilla, at present a costly luxury denied to modest incomes; ginger, castor-oil (palma Christi), and cardamom? says Mr. Freedley. Go to the southern states and try them all; a million sterling will reward the perfect acclimatisation of any one of these products.

Cultivate oleaginous plants, and express the oil. This is Chance One hundred and four. Colza oil is got from a species of cabbage allied to the rape: plant, then, acres of colza cabbages; plant ground nuts; the bene plant, said to exceed all others in the amount of oleaginous matter which it contains; great Macaw trees, that yield an oil largely used in toilet soaps, and held as a sovereign remedy against "bone ache;" horse-radish trees, giving perfumers and watchmakers that famous oil of Ben, which can hardly ever be obtained pure, and which is so costly even when adulterated; arzo trees, which furnish almond oil worth twenty-five cents, a pound; and, lastly, cotton-seed oil, with which you may fatten milch cows far better than with linseed. The root of the soap weed would save much trouble and expense. There you have your household soap made to your hand; and, of the leaves, you may make plaited hats, ropes, and sacks. The seeds of the *Sapindus saponaria* will cleanse more linen than thirty times their weight of soap would have done: never mind if they corrode the linen after a time, that is not your business. The fruit is a soap as well, and perhaps more innocent than the leaves; at all events, try both upon the public. In Chili there is a soap-tree called *Quillaya saponaria*, which cleanses silks, velvets, and woollen, better than any French chalk in the world. In Brazil, a soap is made from the ashes of the *bassura*, or brown plant (*Sida lanceolata*), and the leaves of the American aloe form a soup "as detergent as Castille soap for washing linens, and with the remarkable quality of mixing with salt water as

well as with fresh." The tallow-tree of China is another very remarkable production. Its fruit contains a substance that may be regarded as pure vegetable stearine: in addition to this, the kernel of the nut gives about thirty per cent. of valuable oil, and, moreover, changes grey hair into black; the husks and shells feed furnace fires, and the cakes which remain after the tallow has been expressed are invaluable as manure.

Go to the proper climate, and cultivate cocoa palms. Thirty thousand trees, once established, assure competence for a generation and a half; but the tree is long before it bears, and the cocoa planter must have patience as well as capital. Coffee is not half plentiful enough. The world has got over its first horror both of tobacco and this strange beverage, which caused an old preacher to say that "men cannot wait till the smoke of the infernal regions surrounds them, but encompass themselves with smoke of their own accord, and drink a poison which God made black that it might bear the devil's colour." Instead of hurling thunderbolts like these, even preachers now smoke tobacco and drink coffee, and the lay world follows their example. But there is not half enough coffee grown, and one-third more of tobacco would not be too much; wherefore Mr. Freedley says to the idle speculator, Grow coffee and tobacco, and make cent. per cent. for your pains. Work out the capabilities of aluminum, and find an efficient substitute for black-lead; but, above all—Chance Seven hundred or so—"discover and manufacture artificial substitutes for such natural objects as are rare and costly." But this deserves a separate paragraph to itself.

Hitherto we have dealt with speculations more or less dependent upon climate; now, we have to treat of matters that are independent of weather, sun, and the longitude. First on the list come artificial gems. Any one may make these, who has dexterous fingers and understands proportions. If you want emeralds and rubies, make a mixture of alumina and magnesia, and add from half to one per cent. of bichromate of potash; to this mixture add one part fused boracic acid, and "expose it in platinum resting in porcelain, to the heat of the porcelain furnace of Sèvres." The product will be rubies. The constituents of emerald, treated in the same ways, yield emeralds. Sapphires are born of lamp-black, calcined alum, and sulphate of potash reduced to powder. Pearls are the thinnest possible glass bulbs lined with essence of pearl, or the brilliant scales of the bleak, a small river fish, thrown into liquid ammonia. The glass bulbs must be of a slightly bluish tint, opalised and extremely thin, and contain but little oxide of lead. The workmen who make them, make nothing else, and only succeed after many years of trial and practice. Gold is easy to imitate. A Washington chemist makes iron to look like gold by washing it with a mixture of linseed oil three ounces, tartar two ounces, yolk of egg boiled hard and beaten two ounces, aloes half an ounce, saffron five grains, turmeric

two grains. A bar of iron washed with this mess—we speak from report—looks like a bar of gold, to the great deterioration of confiding innocence. A brisk trade might be driven in essential oils, which are such wonderful agents for adulteration. The oil of winter-green, so much used in perfumery, now comes from an acid got from the willow, and a spirit produced by the distillation of wood. Fusel oil, from potatoes, makes oil of pear, used in perfumery and the so-called “jargonelle pear drops;” and oil of apple is only the same fusel oil distilled with sulphuric acid and bichromate of potash. Oil of pine-apple comes from the product of the fermentation of sugar with putrid cheese, or of soap made with fresh butter and potash; oil of cognac is fusel oil again diluted with alcohol; and oil of bitter almonds is the action of nitric acid on fetid oil of gas tar. All these are extensively used in perfumery and other manufactures, and would repay any one who chose to make them in still greater abundance. Artificial india-rubber can be formed by mixing starch and gluten with tannin and resinous or oily substances; and artificial milk can be made of yolk of egg, gum acacia, honey, and salad oil. This mixture gives the caseine, albumen, gum, grape sugar, and fatty matter, evolved from natural milk. It will keep sweet for two years. Artificial fuel may be got out of dried ground and spent tan, mixed with melted resin and pressed into blocks; artificial ice, from a solution of nitre and sal ammoniac. Artificial marble is made of plaster of Paris hardened so as to receive an excellent polish. Another marble is made of cement mixed in with the waste materials of silk works, or the short cuttings from cloth and velvet; the whole thus forming a mass having either a uniform colour or a mixture of colours throughout, while the veins are formed by silk threads drawn out to imitate such marks as may be fancied. This material can be made in stucco for seven cents the square foot; in hard cement it is nine cents the square foot: when polished, a still higher price is charged. Another capital imitation of marble facing to buildings is got by a wash consisting of hydrate of lime, which, by combining with the carbonic acid of the atmosphere, forms a natural marble paint. In about two or three months the surfaces to which it has been applied acquire the hardness of marble; the brilliancy of marble comes almost immediately. Many kinds of artificial stones, cements, glues, welding powders, and the like, may be made at low cost and sold at great profits; and you may stain common woods to imitate the more expensive kinds so dexterously, that few shall be able to see the difference.

We want substitutes for various things. Substitutes for the potato have been already discussed, now come substitutes for coffee, in ripe asparagus seeds roasted and ground; in acorns, mangel-wurzel, dandelion, wheat, and the ripe seeds of the okra, all of which, Mr. Freedley says, make capital substitutes and first-rate imitations. Leather is scarce and dear: what

think you of porpoise leather and alligator's hide? The latter gives a leather as pliant as calf-skin, and mottled like tortoiseshell, making capital boots and shoes, and as good saddles as the best pig-skin in the world. Discover an exhilarating drink that shall be innocuous and not intoxicating; find a good, cheap, and wholesome substitute for tobacco; invent a mosquito exterminator, and something that shall slaughter bugs, cockroaches, ants, rats, and mice as well; for your thousand and first chance, cultivate osiers for baskets and chairs, &c.; domesticate camels, llamas, alpacas, barren-ground reindeers, vicunas, and the like; crush quartz in California; evaporate sea salt along the shores of the Atlantic; make starch of horse-chesnuts and unsound potatoes; establish schools for teaching young women domestic economy and common sense; open common-sense museums “for the exhibition of all objects bearing upon physical comfort and domestic economy;” and, lastly, “establish a Universal Natural History dépôt for the collection and sale (in scientifically arranged cabinets) of objects in all the departments of Natural History.”

These are some of the principal of Mr. Freedley's Chances. If they succeed as well in the trial as they are made to do on paper, any man who adopts one or other of them may make his fortune, leave a legacy to his descendants, and found a family name not inferior to that of Rothschild or Goldsmid.

THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

Across the dull and brooding night
A giant flies, with demon light
And breath of wreathing smoke;
Around him whirls the reeling plain,
And, with a dash of grim disdain,
He cleaves the sundered rock.

In lonely swamps the low wind stirs
The belt of black funereal firs,
That murmur to the sky,
Till, startled by his mad career,
They seem to keep a hush of fear
As if a god swept by!

Through many a dark wild heart of heath,
O'er booming bridges, where beneath
A midnight river brawls;
By ruin, remnants of the past,
Their ivies trembling in the blast;
By singing waterfalls!

The slumb'rer on his silent bed,
Turns to the light his lonely head,
Divested of its dream.

Long leagues of gloom are hurried o'er,
Through tunnel-sheaths, with iron roar,
And shrill night-rending scream.

Past huddling huts, past flying farms,
High furnace flames, whose crimson arms
Are grappling with the night,
He tears along receding lands,
To where the kingly city stands,
Wrapt in a robe of light.

Here, round each wide and gushing gate,
A crowd of eager faces wait,

And every smile is known.
We thank thee, O thou Titan train,
That in the city once again,
We clasp our loved, our own!

THE ELEPHANT AT HOME.

THE superficial narratives of sportsmen have made us familiar with the obvious features of Ceylon. There is nobody able to read, who has not read about its Adam's Peak, its Buddhism, and its Elephants. An English Government officer, long resident in the island, Sir JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, has been giving his mind to a thorough, minute, and comprehensive study of it. He happens to be the first man who has done so, and his newly published volumes on Ceylon, compared with all that came before them, afford one of the most striking instances that can be shown in literature, of the difference—not merely of degree, but the essential difference—between cursory notice and intimate acquaintance. Sir James Emerson Tennent is a most admirable observer, a highly intelligent and cultivated writer. Nor can any one read his volumes with any care, and fail to respect in their author, a gentle and an amiable man. In aid of his vast stock of materials, he brings an enjoyment of them, tempered at once by a sense of responsibility, and by an ease and modesty, which completely win the reader. And it is good and reassuring to know that such a man was in the public service when he saw so much to such good purpose, and is in it still. Such a public officer, no matter what his degree, does as much (we are inclined to think) as all Downing-street in making our Government respected abroad, wherever Letters and the Arts are cared for.

A thoroughly fresh study of the elephants has been part of this author's labour. The book contains a great deal of new information about these great fellows, corrects errors as old as history, shows us the elephant at home; not as the sportsman sees him driven from his haunts, angered or terrified, but as the quiet observer comes upon him in the placid shades that he frequents, fanning himself, fidgeting his legs gracefully, and deliberately beating the earth out of the mouthful of grass he means to eat, or sporting at night with his brethren in the tank, and scampering off at the mere crack of a snapped twig. New talk about old friends will be always welcome; therefore, with Sir James Emerson Tennent's book open at our side, let the discourse be now of elephants.

We fancy that we know already a great deal about them, and yet the most careful reading and the amplest observation only assure doubt as to the meaning of one of their most evident features. Why have they tusks? Nobody really knows. A civilised man touches ivory every day of his life. The annual importation of ivory into Great Britain is one million of pounds, and the average weight of a tusk being about sixty pounds, eight or nine thousand elephants are slaughtered every year to supply Britain alone with the ivory used in her arts and

manufactures. Very little of this comes from Ceylon, because in Ceylon only one elephant in a hundred, and that always a male, has tusks. From his tusks part of the ivory goes to China, and the finest specimens are eagerly collected by the Buddhist priests upon the spot, for ornament of private dwellings and of temples. Had the Ceylon elephants been tusked as they are in Africa and India, they would, by this time, have been extirpated. In Africa, both sexes of elephants have tusks, and so they have in India; although there, the tusks of females are much smaller than those of the males. All the untusked elephants of Ceylon have "tusches," about a foot long and an inch or two in thickness, which they use in snapping off small branches and climbing plants. There is a reason for these differences; but what is it?

Some say that in Ceylon there is plenty of water, but that the elephants in Africa need some natural implement for digging wells. The tusk that, where it exists, never grows beyond a weight of sixty pounds in Ceylon, sometimes attains in Africa to the weight of one hundred and fifty, two hundred, or even, according to the statement of Mr. Broderip, in his *Zoological Recreations*, three hundred and fifty pounds. But if the elephant has tusks to dig with, why is the female elephant denied equal provision with the male?

Again, it is said that the tusks of the elephant are weapons. But their position is almost vertical, under a head not easily raised above the level of the shoulder. It is only by accident that an effectual blow could be dealt with them. The chances are in favour of a man, even when he has fallen underneath an elephant enraged against him, so little is the harmless creature apt for war. In his forest he is without enemies. His food abounds, and his pursuits bring him into conflict with one living creature only, and that is the fly. Except the fly, an elephant has no antagonist among irrational beings. In Ceylon, where there is a population of a million and a half, where elephants abound and are much worried by hunters, three fatal accidents in a year is the average loss of human life to be set down to their account. If an elephant does get an enemy between his feet, he trusts to crush him by his weight, and has a power of tossing the body from foot to foot, that he may stamp upon it with each foot in turn. Two Ceylon elephants, one of them a tusher, were once seen in combat in the forest. The elephant without tusks wound his trunk about one of the tusks of his antagonist and snapped from it a fragment two feet long. The trunk was stronger than the tusk as an offensive weapon. Again, the state elephants, who were trained as executioners by former kings of Kandy, held the criminal under one foot while they plucked off his limbs by sudden movements of the trunk. Use of the tusks never occurred to them.

A physiologist writing upon the appendages of animals, regards elephant's tusks as "a species of safety-valve of the animal economy," the necessity for which arises from the remark-

able development of the proboscis and the predominance of the senses of touch and smell." It is observed that the tusked elephant is able to rip open the stems of the jagged palms and young palmyras to extract the mealy core, and can split with them the juicy shaft of the plantain, which the tuskless elephant crushes under its foot, thereby soiling it and losing a part of its juice.

In the service of man elephants learn a new use for these appendages, in moving stones and piling timber. Once, when riding in the thick jungle near Kandy, Sir Emerson found his horse to be excited by a repeated "Urmph, urmph," uttered in a hoarse, dissatisfied tone that seemed to be approaching. A turn in the narrow forest path showed that the grumbler was a tame elephant, entirely alone, who was doing messenger's work by the conveyance of a heavy beam of timber which he balanced on his tusks. The pathway being too narrow for the length of the beam, the elephant was bending his head on one side to permit it to pass endways, and over this annoyance he was grumbling to himself. Being met by a horseman who was halting in the road, he threw his log down, and politely backed into the brushwood, till he left plenty of room for the traveller to pass him. The horse trembled and hesitated. The elephant backed further in among the trees, and repeated his cry of "urmph" in a tone evidently meant to be reassuring and encouraging. At last the horse timidly passed, and as soon as he had gone by, the elephant of business took up again his heavy burden, trimmed it and balanced it upon his tusks, twisted his head again, and journeyed on, comforting himself as before with hoarse ejaculations of disgust.

It is an old error, extending over all the years between the days of Ælian and those of Sir William Jardine, that the elephant sheds his tusks. The truth is, that he sheds only the milk tusk when very young.

Much has been said of the elephant's dislike or dread of other animals, especially the pig. But in his own forests he is fearless, because harmless and unharmed. "I have seen," says Sir Emerson Tennant, "groups of deer and wild buffaloes reclining in the sandy bed of a river in the dry season, and elephants plucking the branches close beside them. They show no impatience in the company of the elk, the bear and the wild hog; and on the other hand, I have never discovered an instance in which these animals have evinced any apprehension of them. The elephant's natural timidity is such that he becomes alarmed on the appearance in the jungle of any animal with which he is not familiar. He is said to be afraid of the horse, but from my own experience I should say it is the horse that is alarmed at the aspect of the elephant; in the same way, from some unaccountable impulse, the horse has an antipathy to the camel, and evinces extreme impatience both of the sight and smell of that animal. When enraged, an elephant will not hesitate to charge a rider on horseback; but it is against the man, not against the horse, that his fury is directed; and no instance has been known of his wantonly assailing a horse."

A horse that had run away from its groom was found quietly feeding with a herd of elephants. Pigs constantly are seen feeding in peace about the stables of tame elephants. The dog and horse are no doubt associated by the elephant with man, his pursuer, and the barking of a dog will be sufficient to put a whole herd to flight. It has been suggested also that a dog's disposition to snap at the elephant's feet increases his dread of him. The elephant is very careful of his foot, more careful, indeed, of that than of his head.

Beyond the difference in the supply of tush there are many less apparent, and some striking differences between the elephants of Africa and of Ceylon. The Ceylon elephants have smaller ears, higher and hollower foreheads, and the grinding ridges of the teeth transverse instead of lozenge shaped. The Indian elephant is said to have four nails on the hind foot, and the African three; but it is part of the perfection of a high-bred elephant in Ceylon that there should be five nails on each foot, all smooth, polished, and round. A native elephant book, the *Hastisilpe*, details all the points of a high-caste animal, and adds, "an elephant with these perfections will impart glory and magnificence to the king; but he cannot be discovered among thousands, yea, there shall never be found an elephant clothed at once with all the excellences herein described." Eyes restless like those of a crow, small wrinkled face and hollow forehead, black tongue, thin neck, freckled skin, yellow nails, and a short tail without a tuft, are signs of an elephant deficient in good breeding. The domestic elephant is, actually not metaphorically, a polished animal. He is rubbed with a soft stone, a lump of burnt clay, or the coarse husk of a coco-nut, oiled now and then, and, as a consequence, loses the hairs from his skin while he acquires a blacker and more lustrous colour.

But we speak of the elephant at home, with his light brown coat, covered by himself with mud and dust, as a protection from the flies and heat. Though living in warm climates he avoids the exposed ground, and prefers mountain-tops—if only they yield him water enough—to sultry valleys. In his woods he avoids all glare of the sun, and spends the day under the thickest shade. At night he roams abroad, delighted by the coolness and the solitude, for he is, among beasts, one that most loves tranquillity. In water he delights, and night is his especial bathing time. His range of sight does not extend far above the level of his head, and he relies always less upon his eye than upon his senses of smell and of hearing. The nerves of the eye are found to be in his brain comparatively small, while those which supply the apparatus of the ear and the olfactory lobes are large. The elephant's small range of vision makes his caution more excessive. A hunter, under the feet of a wounded elephant, was saved by a few tendrils of a climbing plant that caught the forehead of the animal. Surprised by the touch, he turned and fled. The acuteness of the power of smell enables elephants, when in the forest,

to assemble at a given point with great rapidity. In passing from mountain to mountain, through thick woods hiding a river, they will take the direct line by which the river may be crossed at the point where it is most fordable. Engineers in Ceylon recognise this fact, and are guided by the elephant tracks in planning ways for human traffic.

The voice of the elephant has been described by hunters as having three cries. A quiet study of him in his undisturbed home life shows that his variety of utterance is very great. A shrill blowing through the trunk, in some treatises described as a cry of pleasure, is, in Ceylon at any rate, the cry of rage and defiance. Trunk is a word derived from the French *trompe*, and means the trumpet; in old illustrations an elephant may be seen pictured having the end of his trunk trumpet shaped. A groan from the throat expresses suffering. A twitter with the lips, defined by the word "prut," is the low word of alarm which elephants pass from one to another when anything unusual appears in the forest. A night alarm that hurries them beyond this note of caution excites them to produce a booming like the sound of an empty tun struck with a mallet. One observer believes this noise to be made by the elephant's beating on his side with his proboscis. Another gentleman has seen the sound produced by striking the ground forcibly with the point of the trunk, which is then raised and pushed in the direction of the threatened danger, as if to detect its nature by the sense of smell. When this sound is heard in the woods, bellowing and trumpeting are usually mingled with it.

Again, it is remarkable that while an elephant disturbed in the jungle will burst away with a rush that seems to bear all down before him, the noise often sinks rapidly into absolute stillness, and the animal steals quietly away, carrying his enormous weight without a sound, and almost without leaving the trace of disturbed foliage behind.

Eight or nine feet is the full height of a Ceylon elephant, and the African elephant does not become much taller; although the impression of much greater height is usually given by the unusual bulk and stature. There was an old fable, long believed, that the elephant having no joints in his leg slept leaning against a tree. Of course he has joints, those of the hind leg bending as the legs of a man do, but the straight arrangement of the solid bones makes the four legs very complete pillars of support. An elephant sleeps with nearly as much ease standing as reclining, and when tamed will perhaps sleep standing for months together. When free in his woods, he may be sometimes come upon asleep after the manner described in old fable, propped upright against a rock or tree. Elephants play in the night, and in the daytime often are so tired and sleepy that they will go to sleep while rubbing themselves against a rock or tree. Our poets have not forgotten to apply the notion of a mighty animal whose "legs are for necessity, not flexure." So firm are the

pillars of this creature's legs, that it will die on its feet, and when dead remain standing.

But this strength does not make them less available for active use. It is still commonly supposed, as was taught in the book on Menageries, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, that an elephant's legs are "formed more for strength than flexibility, and fitted to bear an enormous weight upon a level surface, without the necessity of ascending or descending great acclivities." The truth is, that he is a famous climber. Wherever the hardest man can pull himself up or let himself down, the elephant can go, if there be only space to admit his bulk, and strength of ground to bear his weight. The human flexure of his hind legs enables him in descending precipices to drag them cautiously after him, and bring them slowly under him. With his fore legs he dexterously breaks for himself as he goes, the footing that he does not find. Upon the summit of Adam's Peak, not easily climbed by man's foot, the elephant has left his track. In fact, as before said, he prefers the higher mountain soil. This is as true of the elephant of India as in Ceylon.

A herd of elephants is a family, not an accidental group of friends. The family likeness usually may be seen in it. A like peculiarity of the trunk, it may be, or one colour in all the eyes, or a resemblance in the slope or form of back or forehead. Herds will meet and unite at the pools in bodies of perhaps one or two hundred, but, in separating, each holds to his own. A herd usually contains ten or twenty individuals, and there is little variation in its number. Females form its majority, and the young of the herd are cared for by all its females, not alone by the mother. An elephant separated from its herd by any accident, or loss of its mate, is not allowed to join another, becomes solitary, and more or less vicious. Such an elephant, almost universally male, is called in Ceylon a *hona*, or rogue, and is a greater object of terror to the natives than a hundred wild elephants in their ordinary state. The rogue elephants haunt and destroy plantations, lose their fear of man, and have even been known to carry off a sheaf of rice from the midst of the reapers. Wild elephants in the herd respect to a very singular degree cultivated fields. The lightest fence excludes them. Round a tank frequented at night by great numbers of them rice was sown in the mud, in small fields thinly fenced, with passages between for the wild elephants who came down to the water. There was never a fence broken or a mouthful of rice stolen, although after the harvest they all eagerly took possession of the ground as gleaners. The elephants will travel far on gleanings expeditions, but to the crop of which they take the leavings with so great a relish they will do no hurt whatever.

An officer in Ceylon, Major Skinner, was engaged in surveying and opening roads in the great central forest towards the north of the island. In the dry season he encamped by a small tank; the only pond within many miles, to which of necessity a very large herd of ele-

phants that had been in the neighbourhood all day must resort at night. Major Skinner, causing his fires to be put out and complete silence preserved, mounted an enormous tree that overhung the tank, to watch the movements of the elephants. After long waiting, one unusually large elephant came from the dense cover into the moonlit open ground. Stopping at times to listen and advancing slowly, he came to the water, had his feet in it, but did not drink. Not the voice of a single elephant was to be heard in the forest, although they had been roaring and breaking the jungle through all day. The huge vidette slowly returned to the first position he had taken after emerging from the forest. There he was joined by five others, with whom he again cautiously advanced till near the tank, where he set them as patrols. Then he returned and re-entered the forest, to come out again as leader of the main body of eighty or a hundred animals. He led them slowly forward until near the tank, left them while he advanced to make one more reconnaissance, returned, and seemed to give the word that set the whole mass loose to revelry. "Then," writes Major Skinner, "when the poor animals had gained possession of the tank (the leader being the last to enter), they seemed to abandon themselves to enjoyment. Such a mass of animal life I had never before seen huddled together in so narrow a space. It seemed to me as though they would have nearly drunk the tank dry. I watched them with great interest until they had satisfied themselves as well in bathing as in drinking, when I tried how small a noise would apprise them of the proximity of unwelcome neighbours. I had but to break a little twig, and the solid mass instantly took to flight like a herd of frightened deer, each of the smaller calves being apparently shouldered and carried along between two of the elder ones."

The wild elephant needs water greatly, and is so little troubled by the troubling of his pool, that a writer of the fourteenth century declared his preference to be for muddy water, and said that he stirred clear water with his foot before he drank. Being large and buoyant he swims naturally with a great part of his body above water, but he prefers total immersion, with his trunk running up like the air-pipe of a diver. In the dry season he scoops little wells for himself, leaving one side perpendicular against which water may stand, and the other side sloping, in order that he may reach it without breaking down the sand.

Sir Emerson multiplies arguments from evidence in favour of the fact which Professor Owen has suspected, but no naturalist has asserted, that the peculiar form of the long narrow stomach of the elephant divided into cells by many folds at one end, is designed to enable it, though not a ruminating animal, to retain water unconsumed, as is done by the camel and the llama. It appears to be certain that this is the case. It has always been known that the elephant could retain water and discharge it at will from his trunk, but it was supposed that he

must needs have kept it in his trunk. The truth seems to be that he has in his stomach a small cistern. An old Oriental writer has perhaps told simple truth when he thus describes what may still frequently be seen: "An elephant frequently with his trunk takes water out of his stomach and sprinkles himself with it, and it is not in the least offensive." The common habit of the elephant is to throw sand over his skin, and then moisten it with water thrown from his proboscis, after thrusting his proboscis down into his mouth.

The last fact that we may repeat concerning the ways of the elephant at home, is, that he is a fidgety creature. As he stands, he either moves his head in a monotonous way from right to left, or flaps his ears, or swings his feet backwards and forwards, or rises and sinks by alternately straightening and bending his knees, or sways himself from side to side. When this was seen in elephants brought to menageries, the habit was supposed to have been acquired on board ship. But it is their way at home. Even when standing stupified after excitement in the corral to which they have just been driven, they will fall into these movements, and, when fatigued by service of man, they seem to find more comfort in their fidgety motions than even in the leafy branch held by the trunk with which they fan themselves gravely and gracefully.

For all other matters concerning the elephant, we heartily commend the reader to the writer who has eyed the creature so attentively, and understands him so well. But we cannot close the book without a purpose of returning to it for some other delightful information on some other topics, as to which it is equally original, and equally sound.

ECONOMY IN SHEEPSKIN.

ENGLISHMEN in South Australia have made light of the mysteries of conveyance, and are resolved, when dealing with real property, to cut down their expenditure in sheepskin. Under the South Australian "Real Property Act," which came into operation last Midsummer twelvemonth, a mortgage is effected in a quarter of an hour at the cost of half a sovereign, and a transfer or release in five minutes, for five shillings. The colonial conveyancers resent this insult on their craft, and what is the result of their hostility? The colonists find out that they are now able to do their own conveyancing.

Everybody knows something of the terrible complexity of English law concerning land. The difficulty partly comes of the desire, maintained through centuries, to meet the advancing requirements of society without repealing laws adapted to the tenure of land under the feudal system. Our law of real property spends exquisite refinement upon the maintenance and evasion of unsuitable conditions. It was described in letters patent under the great seal of James the First, as "manifold, intricate, chargeable, tedious, and uncertain." By Blackstone it was displayed as a proof of "the vast powers of

the human intellect, however vainly or preposterously employed." The burden has been borne quietly in England, because English land is generally dealt with in estates of considerable value. The cost of a transfer is indeed seen to be enormous, when considered as the price of an act that in Belgium, Prussia, and other parts of the Continent, is a mere affair of an afternoon, cheap, simple, and safe as an investment in the public funds. But, where upon large properties it will amount only to a charge of some two and a half per cent., its exorbitance is not severely felt. Land is not much bought in England by the fifty or the hundred pounds worth. If it were, the costs of transferring and assuring a too commonly uncertain title would make amendment of the laws concerning land what it is now in the Australian colonies, a people's question. Land there, in small and in large quantities, is a staple commodity, an article of daily sale and barter. The delay, the cost, and the uncertainty of the result produced by the working of our English law on the new lands at the antipodes, could not be tolerated. One third of them were held under titles believed to be more or less imperfect, and were reduced accordingly in value to their owners, when in South Australia the waste of sheepskin was checked suddenly, and dealing in land was made, by a new law, so simple and sure, as to increase by from ten to fifty per cent. the value of a large part of the soil.

The South Australian Real Property Act closely resembles the scheme recommended for this country two years and a half ago in a Parliamentary Report by the Commissioners on Registration of Title. The timely appearance of that report was indeed helpful to the passing of the Colonial Act, of which the author and main advocate was Mr. Robert R. Torrens, a barrister, who represented Adelaide in the first parliament under the new constitution. This gentleman, now holding the office of Registrar-General appointed under it, devotes his entire attention to the working of the measure. How it works he tells the colony in an instructive pamphlet, printed at Adelaide; from which we derive the information we are giving.

Under the Norman system of feudal tenures, the greed of the clergy, working upon the superstitions of the dying, who depended wholly on their words, seemed likely to absorb all the best lands of the kingdom into Church domain, when the Statutes of Mortmain were devised for the protection of the families of dying men against the bequest hunter. With the subtle devices by which monks endeavoured to make these statutes of no avail, began the costly confusion of our English law of land.

It was held that lands bequeathed to be held in trust by a layman for the use of a monastic body were not bequeathed to that body, and this side door having been opened, the old traffic passed through it, of masses, requiems, and benedictions for the patrimonies of the children of the dying. This abuse was attacked by "the Statute of Uses," which defined a gift of property to one person for the use of another, as a

direct gift to that person for whose use it was assigned. This the ecclesiastical logicians met by adding one twist more to their scheme of evasion. It was maintained that if Smith conveyed to Jones, in trust for Brown, for the use of Robinson, the statute would not apply.

Before there was a statute of uses, land could change ownership only by a bodily rendering up of possession in the face of witnesses. The statute of uses—devised only to check a particular evasion of existing law—was soon found to make secret transfer of land possible. A borrower of money upon land had only to declare upon sheepskin that he would hold it "for the use" of the buyer or mortgagee, and it became thereby the property of the person for whose use it was held. Such a deed had to be enrolled, but except against any one who would be at the pains of search, it was a secret conveyance. This also suggested to the lawyers a more intricate method, by two instruments called a lease and release, of transferring ownership of land without making enrolment necessary. This was the method in use until about twelve years ago, when a form of conveyance by deed of grant was prescribed by Act of Parliament. And, at the present day, in England, although Lord St. Leonards, who is the especial master of all intricate details of property law, calls it a splendid code of jurisprudence, he does not, in his *Handy Book*, conceal this fact: "It is peculiar to the constitution of this country that the law on the same case is frequently administered differently by different courts, and that not from a contrary exposition of the same rules. It must sound oddly to a foreigner that, on one side of Westminster Hall, a man shall recover an estate without argument on account of the clearness of his title, and that, on the other side of the Hall, his adversary shall, with equal facility, recover back the estate." It may sound oddly, for example, to the banker in Hamburg or Frankfort who invests spare cash in lands rather than in public securities, because the value does not fluctuate, and transfer is so swift and sure; or to the Belgian who is accustomed to look on the soil as the great savings bank, and to invest, as matter of course, any small hoard in its equivalent of landed property.

The chief grievance of the working of the English Real Property Law, is that when rights have to be traced back through past generations of owners, instrument upon instrument examined, and every transaction scrutinised, lest any outstanding claim be overlooked; this childish process has to be gone through afresh whenever there occurs a new conveyance.

Establish, therefore, a just method of registration that shall recognise all rights, while giving for a few shillings an indisputable title, with the same power of absolute and immediate pledge or sale that the owner of consols or the shipowner possesses—and at once there is an end of all these grievances. It was during seventeen years of employment in the service of the Customs that Mr. Torrens became thoroughly acquainted with the Law of Shipping. Why

might not the principles which regulate transfer of shipping property apply also to land?

Absurd! cries the defender of Sheepskin. Landed property differs essentially from movable property. Methods of procedure suitable for one cannot apply to the other. But is it so certain that they cannot? The essential differences are, firstly, that landed property is not, like funded property, divisible without change in the value of its parts; secondly, that landed property is an individual thing, a house in question is *the* house, not like a piece of money, any one among millions of pieces having the same value; and thirdly, that a full right to possession of that individual thing has to be ascertained. But a ship is yet more indivisible than an estate; it is yet more distinctly individual; and the particular ship which is the subject of any transaction has to be perfectly distinguished from among thousands of others by description on the register. Land is immovable and always within ken of the registrar; ships wander away to the uttermost ends of the world, yet the transfer of ship property by means of registry is simple, sure, and cheap. And out of England so it is with land in many countries. Even within England so it is with all land held under our old copyhold tenures. There had come to be two tenures, one called common socage and the other copyhold. One, freed from relics of feudal servility and open to the arts of the conveyancer; the other, cumbered with some nominal remains of old enactments, in the form of rights of the lord of the manor, but exempt from pillage by the law. A steward during thirty years to many of the Cumberland copyhold and customary manors told Lord Brougham that, in a manor of five hundred estates he never found an instance of disputed title. "They have every one been repeatedly passed by sale, mortgage, devise, or descent, and the cost of the conveyance never exceeds a few shillings, or the length of the deed a hundred words."

Nevertheless, when the two tenures came to be revised, this was the one abolished. Long ago it happened, let us say, that men either having profit of their own to make by diverting traffic out of the straight road from Charing-cross to Temple-bar, or else desiring to lead honest people along by-ways more secure from thieves than other thoroughfares, established this to be the only lawful route: along a particularly crooked way through the maze of Soho, to Marylebone-lane, and by a particular track from Marylebone-lane through Portland-market to Baker-street; thence by a definite chain of alleys and lanes to the Angel, Islington, and round by Saffron-hill to Bow. Then taking the London Docks in the course of a back way to Little Alie-street, to get down from Whitechapel to the Thames bank, cross to the Surrey side and go, keeping as near the water's edge as possible, to Lambeth; then travel to Brixton Church by way of Camberwell; get, after a round through Tooting to the back streets of the Borough, and then, having crossed London-bridge, ascend the Monument and look over the surrounding space in search of any

signs of danger. Having done this, proceed—also by back ways—to St. Paul's, ascending that edifice for the same purpose of careful search, and having found all safe, descend and go to Hackney, whence you are to be piloted blindfold to Temple-bar. But when at Temple-bar you are to be left with the bandage on your eyes, uncertain whether you have been brought to your journey's end or not, and ready to the eye of a new pilot who may have authority to take you by the hand and guide you, after all, to Battersea. In this route every street and lane is legally appointed. You have a great many conveyances to pay for, several of the legal guides to fee. The exquisite intricacy of the track baffles all effort of yours to find it unassisted. There is, in fact, just what the law furnishes in its roundabout way to the transference of titles in land; namely, complexity, costliness, delay, risk, and after all no certainty that the end sought has really been attained. But what immense industry, what nice perception of turnings is required before anybody can be qualified to guide a man by such a route! What a glorious body of experts are these guides! Remove the blockade of the Strand? Enable any man without all this help, to make for himself a straight and sure ten minutes' walk to his destination? Surely you don't wish to subvert one of the most peculiar institutions of the country, to destroy a profession at a blow, to turn suddenly into dust and ashes all the golden knowledge about turnings and crossings that has been acquired with so much toil? In South Australia they have actually done this. They have thrown open their Strand: leaving, for the present, full liberty to any one to go by the old roundabout track. But the change is only a year old, and—wonderful to tell!—already the old track is pretty well deserted.

The Real Property Act now in force among the South Australians, creates by registration, duly checked, a perfectly indisputable title. If a juster claim arises after registry, it is upon the holder of the land, not on the land, that claim is made for restitution. He restores the value taken. He does not, as he would under our English law, give up the soil with all his worldly wealth, perhaps spread over it in houses, mills, or factories. The claimant who has come too late to prove his better rights, receives the value of what he has lost, and, if the holder, against whom the claim lies, withholds payment, whether by fraud or misfortune, then the government makes compensation from a fund provided for that purpose by the act.

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All my remarks go to prove that there is no reason why "thought-impressing," or any other rare phenomenon, or, finally, those impressions called "supernatural" (as if there could be anything supernatural in nature!), should occur more easily or frequently during sleep than in any other state of our vital being. Reminding my reader of this my end and aim, I throw together a few more facts relative to dreaming, which go to prove my point, even while they are apparently against it.

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might not the principles which regulate transfer of shipping property apply also to land?

Absurd! cries the defender of Sheepskin. Landed property differs essentially from movable property. Methods of procedure suitable for one cannot apply to the other. But is it so certain that they cannot? The essential differences are, firstly, that landed property is not, like funded property, divisible without change in the value of its parts; secondly, that landed property is an individual thing, a house in question is *the* house, not like a piece of money, any one among millions of pieces having the same value; and thirdly, that a full right to possession of that individual thing has to be ascertained. But a ship is yet more indivisible than an estate; it is yet more distinctly individual; and the particular ship which is the subject of any transaction has to be perfectly distinguished from among thousands of others by description on the register. Land is immovable and always within ken of the registrar; ships wander away to the uttermost ends of the world, yet the transfer of ship property by means of registry is simple, sure, and cheap. And out of England so it is with land in many countries. Even within England so it is with all land held under our old copyhold tenures. There had come to be two tenures, one called common socage and the other copyhold. One, freed from relics of feudal servility and open to the arts of the conveyancer; the other, cumbered with some nominal remains of old enactments, in the form of rights of the lord of the manor, but exempt from pillage by the law. A steward during thirty years to many of the Cumberland copyhold and customary manors told Lord Brougham that, in a manor of five hundred estates he never found an instance of disputed title. "They have every one been repeatedly passed by sale, mortgage, devise, or descent, and the cost of the conveyance never exceeds a few shillings, or the length of the deed a hundred words."

Nevertheless, when the two tenures came to be revised, this was the one abolished. Long ago it happened, let us say, that men either having profit of their own to make by diverting traffic out of the straight road from Charing-cross to Temple-bar, or else desiring to lead honest people along by-ways more secure from thieves than other thoroughfares, established this to be the only lawful route: along a particularly crooked way through the maze of Soho, to Marylebone-lane, and by a particular track from Marylebone-lane through Portland-market to Baker-street; thence by a definite chain of alleys and lanes to the Angel, Islington, and round by Saffron-hill to Bow. Then taking the London Docks in the course of a back way to Little Alic-street, to get down from Whitechapel to the Thames bank, cross to the Surrey side and go, keeping as near the water's edge as possible, to Lambeth; then travel to Brixton Church by way of Camberwell; get, after a round through Tooting to the back streets of the Borough, and then, having crossed London-bridge, ascend the Monument and look over the surrounding space in search of any

signs of danger. Having done this, proceed—also by back ways—to St. Paul's, ascending that edifice for the same purpose of careful search, and having found all safe, descend and go to Hackney, whence you are to be piloted blindfold to Temple-bar. But when at Temple-bar you are to be left with the bandage on your eyes, uncertain whether you have been brought to your journey's end or not, and ready to the eye of a new pilot who may have authority to take you by the hand and guide you, after all, to Battersea. In this route every street and lane is legally appointed. You have a great many conveyances to pay for, several of the legal guides to fee. The exquisite intricacy of the track baffles all effort of yours to find it unassisted. There is, in fact, just what the law furnishes in its roundabout way to the transference of titles in land; namely, complexity, costliness, delay, risk, and after all no certainty that the end sought has really been attained. But what immense industry, what nice perception of turnings is required before anybody can be qualified to guide a man by such a route! What a glorious body of experts are these guides! Remove the blockade of the Strand? Enable any man without all this help, to make for himself a straight and sure ten minutes' walk to his destination? Surely you don't wish to subvert one of the most peculiar institutions of the country, to destroy a profession at a blow, to turn suddenly into dust and ashes all the golden knowledge about turnings and crossings that has been acquired with so much toil? In South Australia they have actually done this. They have thrown open their Strand: leaving, for the present, full liberty to any one to go by the old roundabout track. But the change is only a year old, and—wonderful to tell!—already the old track is pretty well deserted.

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sonal experience—does not go the length, when it is lazily busy in dreams, of picturing death: which would cost it a considerable amount of trouble. I am sorry so to explain that absence of the idea of death, in dreams, which might pass for an intimation of man's immortality; but the destruction of our fancies is recompensed by a sense of law, and, in fact, the inability we have, when waking, to conceive of the state called death, is just as much a proof of the indestructible nature of mind, as the absence from our dreams of the dead, as dead.

For something of the same reason, I imagine, we go back, in dreams, to days when things were newest to our experience, and, therefore, made the strongest impression on our minds. The true marvel is in the retentiveness of impressions in the brain itself. Sleep has no mystery so wonderful as this vital fact. The brain, which is mere matter, serum, adipose, and what not, is evidently capable of retaining, and, if of retaining, of laying by in actual form and figure, every impression that has ever been made upon it.

Dreams of school-days and college-days are generally agreeable dreams with me, though I confess that my having to get up a Latin lesson sometimes perplexes me, even with a sense of incongruity; and, if I am particularly self-conscious in sleep, I do then ask myself occasionally, "Am I not a little old for this sort of thing?" However, the fresh feeling of youth and young companionship, is with me in these dreams generally the predominant feeling.

I am sure that the mind takes no pleasure in troubling or alarming herself in sleep. She is wise, and commits not that folly. If we observe her operations well, we shall find that, in the sleeping state, all her arrangements tend to promote sleep's great object—repose.

Therefore, unless under the disturbance of disease, we hardly ever dream of things that have happened to us recently. The sort of dream that a common-place novelist gives his hero or heroine frequently—a dream in which the occurrences of immediate life are reproduced—is contrary to nature. Also the common-place questions at a breakfast-table, "Did you dream of our pleasant evening?" or, "Did you dream of the beautiful girl you danced with last night?" are (if truthfully) invariably answered in the negative. No! The mind, fatigued by the very pleasure of the pleasant evening and over-excited by the dance, has gone back to some prosy, uneventful time of long ago, as unlike the present as possible. That is the great rule. Let any one reflect how feverish and unrefreshing his sleep is if, in it, he has seemed to continue the train of thought of the day; if he has had what I may christen reality-dreams; if he, during the whole night has been dimly working at a poem, or despairingly daubing at a picture that had occupied his waking hours. Such a continuation at night of the labours of the day is always at once a proof of, and a warning against, over-exertion of the brain. The mathematician, who dreamed that he was an impossible root, and could not be extracted, might have reasonably whispered to

himself, "If you don't want to go into a mad-house, give up fluxions for a time."

Again. The caprices of dreams show that the mind in sleep wishes to amuse itself with as little trouble as possible. Rarely, very rarely, does a dream follow any other than such a zig-zag Will-o'-the-wisp course as that with which Goethe endows his gentlemanly marsh-meteors. And, equally difficult with theirs, is a dream's light track to be laid hold of. So strange, indeed, do some of the combinations in dreams appear to us, that a man is apt to ask with surprise, "How could I have dreamed such stuff?" And to assert rashly, "I am sure I never, when I was awake, thought or heard, or saw anything like it." But, by a little attention to the movements of that watch—our own mental frame—which so many carry without any knowledge of its mechanism, we shall find that our strangest dream is a combination of some three or four ideas that had been insinuated, at different periods and intervals—perhaps, of three or four days—into our brain. The ideas, of which the mind makes use in sleep, are not generally those that are actively embraced by the intellectual faculty, but those which have been almost unconsciously and lazily suggested to it while it was in a sort of passive state, resembling that of sleep itself. Thus, I become aware of the beautiful consistency of Nature's operations. I come upon a refinement of the law of association, and of the invariable fact that similar states of sensation reproduce similar ideas. Thus, the state of reverie, brown study, absence of mind, or whatever else you choose to call it, is the fertile repertorium of dreaming sleep: the very magazine out of which Somnus brings his fanciful troops through the ivory or the ebony gate.

This law of reproduction of idea through similarity of sensation, will account for a very remarkable phenomenon in dreaming—namely, a kind of dream-memory, which had its origin in sleep, and recurs in sleep so often, and so vividly, as almost to take its stand amongst the realities of life. I have dreamed of scenes, and of houses, none of which I ever saw with waking eye, which are so perfectly stereotyped on my mind by recurrence, that if such scenes and houses really do exist, I should, if chance conducted me to them, recognise them in a moment. I know what objects in them are on the right hand, or on the left hand. I could draw their forms, better perhaps than the forms of many a real place that I have actually visited. The moment I see these scenes or houses in a dream, I have a strange feeling of old acquaintanceship with them. With these locality dreams, as I may call them, but little action is connected. The place constitutes the dream; that is all; as if the mind had exhausted itself in the pictorial effort, dream personages seldom appear on the scene. I have, however, another recurring dream, which leads me through a variety of places, dimly and indistinctly shadowed, but of which the connecting link is no less a person—or rather personage—than our most gracious

Sovereign Queen Victoria. Awful to relate, that amiable lady, whom I have but casually seen from afar, is, in my dream, amazingly in love with me. It seems, according to the dream, that I met her Majesty, when she was walking all by herself in a wood. There and then the mutual attraction (I hope it is not traitorous to record that it *is* mutual) began, and I always, in a new dream of the kind, recur to the first meeting, and then to each successive meeting. In each new dream I am agitated with all sorts of hopes and fears. Will the Queen deign to remember me? Shall I have an interview with her? Sometimes I have the interview: sometimes I only see my beloved lady from a distance. On all these occasions I am tormented by an idea that Prince Albert is jealous of me. Sometimes I am at a grand royal fête, which sometimes takes place in a palace, sometimes in an island. Numbers of persons are at the fête, and, on these occasions, Prince Albert appears, and does me the honour to be remarkably jealous.

Another persistent dream, more curious, was related to me by a friend:

A young unmarried lady of his acquaintance has a most pertinacious dream about a child which she is forced to take care of. All her anxiety in her dream is—not about herself, but about this child, which is a very troublesome child, and is always falling down precipices, or tumbling into ditches, or getting into the way of mad bulls. The tormenting child, so constantly recurring in the young lady's dreams, has sometimes so worried her that she has felt quite tired by day, from watching the child through its perils in the night.

These remarks upon sleep and dreams are connected with our subject thus:

I would show that, in a sleeping state, we are so much in the condition of the cow in the water, which, according to the riddle, is like nothing so much as a cow out of the water, as only to vary from our own natural selves in as far as we rest instead of act; that, the restful condition of the brain and body account for most of the phenomena of sleep; that, the more or less of conscious action of the brain explains dreams for the most part; that, dreams, briefly, are imperfect sensation noted by imperfect thought; that, consequently, there is no ground for supposing that impressions, conveyed from the sensorium of another person to our own, will be more frequent in sleep than in the time of waking; nay, rather, that there is reason to suppose they will be less frequent in sleep than in the time of waking, because the mind, in sleep, is more self-concentrated than in any other of her states, consequently less liable to be acted upon from without.

All this contradicts, no doubt, the old notion of dreams being especially set apart for wonderful communications from above (or below), for supernatural warnings, prophetic influences, colloquies with the dead, and so forth. Doubtless, they are an interesting part of our human constitution; doubtless, they may serve as scalpel-knives whereby to dissect certain waking

phenomena. But, is the sleeping, dreaming man to be compared to the waking, thinking man? Is life itself so poor a miracle as to need dyspeptic visions to bolster it up? Are we so in love with the abnormal, as to run away from the full-grown offspring of our intellect to those abortive babies of it which Shakespeare calls "the children of an idle brain, begot of nothing but vain phantasy"?

In accordance with this view of our subject, I have far less to relate of thought-impressing in sleep, than that which I have represented as occurring in the waking state. Perhaps one of the most common proofs that one waking human being can—notwithstanding what I have said to the contrary—affect another human being while he sleeps, is a phenomenon known to most persons, and in everybody's power to convince himself of. I allude to the uneasiness and prompt waking of any sleeping person at whom we may look intently. How often, while I was at college, have I gone to wake some tardy friend, who was going with me to Newmarket or elsewhere, and have tried the experiment by a noiseless entry into his room, and by a fixed, silent gaze at the supine and snoring sleeper! People will answer questions in their sleep if you hold their hands: a fact which seems to prove the mind, in sleep, to be even intelligently impressionable by some direct external agencies.

The first instances that I shall adduce of thought-impressing in sleep, are mostly those that occur in reference to persons with whom we are in habitual relation or daily intimacy.

Let any one say whether he cannot call to mind some such incident as the following. Sitting at breakfast one morning with a married couple, I heard the following dialogue, which, I premise, did not occur during strawberry time.

Mr. B. "My dear, it is very odd that it should just now come into my head, that I dreamed last night you were holding out to me a beautiful plate of strawberries."

Mrs. B. "How extraordinary! You remind me that I dreamed last night, in a very vivid manner, that I brought you a plateful of the largest and finest strawberries I had ever seen."

One night, I had a vivid impression in a dream that a man-servant, who has lived with me many years, was presenting me with some strange object, that looked like a large screen, over the whole of which was a curious scalloped pattern. In my dream, I was immensely puzzled to make out what it was that produced the pattern: whether shells or marbles, or any other variegated thing that would effect a tessellated appearance. The next morning I said, laughing, to my man, "John, what could it be that I dreamed, last night, you were making me a present of? It was a sort of screen, with a pattern on it—like this." And I rapidly sketched with a pencil on the back of a card (which I still preserve) the pattern I had seen in my dream.

"Why," said John, looking blank, "then you know all about it, sir? My wife, I suppose, has been showing you the screen that we are making for you?"

"No, indeed. I solemnly assure you she has not; and I have never seen, or had any hint of any such thing."

John's answer was to dart from the room, and to bring back with him a curious piece of unfinished work. It was a canvas, in the form of a square screen, into which John's wife had sewed feathers of water-fowl which John had shot by a large mere near which we were living. The screen, which had made considerable progress, was the joint effort of the ingenious pair; and the feathers, being assorted with many various colours and shades of colour, sewed into the canvas by the quills, with their tops partly overlapping each other, produced a fantastic and agreeable mosaic, which, at least, had the merit of complete originality. As I had never seen anything even remotely like it, the inference was strong that John's brain, deeply pre-occupied by his screen and its approaching presentation (he was actually cutting the feather quills for his wife when I rang my bell), had impressed on my brain the dominant idea. Nothing could more exactly resemble the pattern I had drawn, to show John what my dream had been, than the real pattern. The screen has since been mounted, under glass, on a fine gilded frame, and is at this time an ornament to my drawing-room. It is singular to observe how it puzzles everybody who sees it for the first time—just as it did me in my dream—as to what the material is that produces its curious mosaic.

In a morning dream I saw many letters brought to me on a salver at breakfast. One especially, a very large packet edged with black, made a strong impression on my dreaming eyes. At breakfast, the same morning, the letters were brought to me as usual, and were numerous; but I was suddenly impelled to say to Jane, "Where is the large packet edged with black?" "Oh, sir," replied Jane, "I thought you would not like to see black at breakfast; but here it is." Jane produced from her apron-pocket the identical large letter I had dreamed of. There was nothing surprising in the letter itself.

At another time, I was staying at an hotel, in a German town, when I dreamed one morning that my English valet entered the room, and told me he had received an invitation from one of the garçons of the inn to attend his marriage with one of the soubrettes, also of the establishment; and that he very earnestly requested my permission to let him go.

Out of this dream I was awakened by the valet himself, rapping at the door and announcing my shaving-water.

"Come in," I said. "But you have startled me out of a fine sleep, in which I was dreaming that you were come to ask my leave to go to a wedding."

"Lord, sir, why so I am!" was the astonished reply. "But of course you had heard all about it before?"

No one had ever breathed a word to me on that subject so utterly unimportant to me, though so highly interesting to the other man.

My experience of impressions in dreams con-

veyed to me from friends, or relatives, who were thinking about me, at a distance, has been not unfrequent. I have also known other cases like the following:

Mr. D., formerly Protestant minister to a French congregation at Berne (from himself I had the story), had been attending a sick parishioner, whom, however, other parochial duties had prevented him from visiting for some days. A dream then impressed him, in the most vivid manner, that he saw the poor sick man lying all alone, in a most wretched state, and that he heard him cry out, "Make haste, Mr. D.; there is no time to be lost! Come to me instantly, or I shall perish of starvation!" The dream had such an effect on the minister that he got up, though it was only two o'clock in the morning, and, dressing himself hastily, went to the house of the poor man. All was as he had dreamed. The people who should have attended to the patient had deserted him, and left him completely alone, during two or three days, in a solitary house. His rheumatic fever rendered it impossible for him to stir. Indeed, there was neither meat nor drink in the house; and if Mr. D. had not come to him at the critical moment, starvation must have ensued. It is to be remarked that the man declared he expected Mr. D. at the time he came to him, "For," said he, "sir, I did think of you, and pray to Heaven you might be sent to me."

The following occurred to myself:

There was a lady, married to a cousin of mine, whom I will call Mrs. Charles. We were once brisk correspondents, but our correspondence had fallen into the sere and yellow leaf. An occasional letter from her in the course of the year I was accustomed to receive. That occasional letter had not long since reached me, and I had not the slightest reason to expect another for some time to come. In this lady's last letter, she was well, all at home were well. There was no cause for anxiety. Suddenly—a propos of nothing—I dream that I see this lady lying on the floor, insensible, pale, dying; her husband is bending over her, her daughters stand about in attitudes of consternation. I see her lifted upon a sofa. I wake in a state of great distress. The next day—impossible to get rid of the impression made by this dream—so strong was it, so strangely convinced was I that something disagreeable had happened at my cousin's house, I could not refrain from writing to the husband (though he never had been my correspondent) to confess my weakness at having been disturbed by a dream about his wife—which dream I detailed to him—to beg of him to say nothing to her about my superstitious bodings, but to entreat him to write to me without delay, saying (as I hoped he would say) that all went well at home. There was an ominous pause of a few days. Then, I received a letter from my cousin, which began: "Your dream was indeed very striking and extraordinary," and which went on to relate that, on the very evening previous to the night on which I had the dream, Mrs. Charles, for the first time in

her life, had a kind of fit, resulting from a flow of blood to the head. She was stooping down to take up something that was lying on the floor, when she fell, and was lifted insensible, and laid on a sofa just as I had seen. She was bled and cupped, and for some days her life was in extreme danger. At the time Mr. Charles wrote she was out of danger, but it was judged best not to speak to her of my dream. Whether she ever knew of it to the day of her death (she died some years afterwards), I am unaware. *Whose* brain it was that impressed me with a knowledge of Mrs. Charles's illness I cannot say; it is natural to suppose that both the husband and daughters would think of me in the course of the painful event. Or it might be that the patient herself sent me an unconscious brain message. Between us there had always been a strong attachment. I, the boy, used to call her, the matron, my second mother.

I pass on to note a few cases of impression on the brain in sleep, having been made by the brain of a dying person at the moment of dissolution—a phenomenon which I have already noted as occurring during the waking state of both parties, and which is so fertile a source of belief in apparitions: so dread a mother of all the superstitious horrors that afflict humanity.

The two following cases happened to myself:

1. I was, many years ago, sleeping at an old-fashioned inn at a small town on the Rhine. In the middle of the dark night I was half awakened by what seemed to me a small chime of bells, just such as a musical clock of the old foreign make might be supposed to jangle forth to mark the hour. Coincidentally with this sound, the thought of a friend whom I had sent off to Madeira, hopefully, for the benefit of a milder climate, rushed into my mind, and I said to myself, "I feel very anxious about Richmond. I can't help thinking he is worse." The following morning I looked all over my apartment to find the clock that had chimed. There was no clock in the room. Then I rang up the garçon, and questioned him as to the existence of a chiming clock in any contiguous apartment. Not only was there no chiming clock in the house, but (as far as the waiter was aware) not even in the town. I was so struck by the oddity of my impression that I had heard a chime of little bells, and by my connecting the circumstance with the illness of my friend in Madeira, that I marked down in my pocket-book the date of the occurrence, and of my uncomfortable feeling about Richmond. The exact hour when I seemed to hear the small ghostly chime was, of course, not precisely known to me, but by the complete darkness of the room, the season being early September, I guessed that the thing had taken place before four o'clock.

A fortnight or three weeks later, I received a letter from a brother of Richmond, announcing to me my friend's death at Madeira on the night which I had noted down in my pocket-book; hour not mentioned. Perhaps a year

after this, I hauded down to dinner, and sat next to, the widow of Richmond, who was on a visit (in London) to this brother of her late husband. I conversed with her about her husband's illness and death. He had been better on first arriving at Funchal, and his death had come on suddenly. After I had mentioned my fancy of the chimes, and the singular impression connected with that fancy, Mrs. Richmond said, "This is most remarkable! On the night he died, he was worried, as he had been several times before, by the chimes of a town clock, which jingled out a wretched tune, every hour, from a belfry not far from our house. I myself, on his account, was worried by those chimes too; and I shall always connect a painful idea with chimes of every kind, for the bells were actually ringing at the very moment when my dear husband breathed his last in my arms!"

2. I was living in a house near Croydon, in Surrey, about twelve miles from London. My father's residence was five or six miles on the other or Middlesex side of the metropolis. I had no reason whatever to believe my father was ill. Indeed, I had not long returned to my own home from a visit to him at his; and I had left him in excellent health, walking actively about, and riding many miles a day as usual.

One night, I dreamed an awful dream, which had all the vividness of reality. I thought I was in a church, near the altar. The church was dim and vault-like. Suddenly, a light gleamed from a distant part of the building, and a procession appeared issuing from a low portal, and advancing up the centre aisle—a procession of shrouded persons, each holding a tall lighted taper. The procession advanced up to me, and passed me. Each figure looked straight forward and took no notice of my presence. A creeping chill came over me as I perceived that all the persons in the procession were known to me, and were known also to be dead. On this occasion I had none of the puzzling feeling which one generally has, in dreams, on seeing those whom, in our waking hours, we know to be no longer of this world. I did not, as we often do in such cases, look upon any person in the procession either as alive, or as doubtfully dead, nor did I feel flashes of conflicting consciousness. No! I knew that I looked upon a procession of the dead, and, moreover, that each person appeared to me in order as to time of death. It seemed to me that the long line was composed of all the dead persons whom I had known as living, from a child. There was the little girl whom I used to play with, and who was the first human being I ever saw dead—whose cold waxen corpse gave me an idea that there was such a thing as death at all. There was my old nurse; there was a certain gardener of whom I had been fond; there was a black servant of my father's whose ebon face I had learned to love. As the procession came down to later days, my agitation increased. I longed to call out, and chide the cold impassiveness of the ghostly train. But all went on, slowly, soundlessly, each with the taper in the hand, past me, past

the altar, and going out of view behind the altar, into some dark vault which I seemed to know was there. Now the train grew thin. There were but two or three to come. There was my sister—the last of the procession but two—pale, sad, and fixed as the rest, casting no glance upon me, and yet I saw her full face. Let me try to explain how this seemed to be. Because of the position, and because of the white shrouding hood over the head, and because of my own fixedness, and absorption, and strong vision, it appeared as if I could not recognise any one of the persons in the procession, until that person was exactly in front of me. Then, and not till then, the face, by some imperceptible motion (which was, in fact, no motion), seemed turned full towards me, and, for one ineffable moment, I saw who it was that passed. There was one glimpse, no more; but that glimpse was wonderfully enough to show me the whole countenance of the dead one, daguerreotyped, as it were, upon my sight with awful distinctness. Passionless, and not looking at me, they went on. Of the procession, there were only two figures now, to pass. The last but one was my father's dearest friend and ancient schoolfellow: a man of infinite kindness and genial mirth, who had died a year before, leaving a sad gap in our family circle, deeply regretted by my father. He was a large stout man. The figure had still this character, but the clay-like, sodden look of the face, made me shudder! And now a new awe, and strange, fearful anticipation fell upon me. Who was the last in the procession? I seemed to know before I saw him, it *was* my father. Never can I forget how he looked! Different from the others! There was more meaning in his eye, and he looked certainly at me. But he, too, was waxy pale—horrible to behold. Then came over me the doubt, the struggle, "Is he alive or dead?" In that struggle I awoke, as if throwing off a frightful nightmare. The vision, for a moment, seemed present to my real eye. Cold perspiration was streaming from me. Never had any dream made me suffer half so much.

This dream, however, did not make me anxious next day, about my father. I know we were all talking and laughing that evening, when a chaise drove up to the door, and out of it stepped a cousin of mine (since famous in the war of the Crimea). The sight of him at first excited no apprehension, until the gravity of his looks alarmed us. They were but a sad preface to the words, "I am come from Hillford to fetch you. Your father has been taken awfully ill!"

I never heard my father's voice again. But as I looked at him, lying speechless on his death-bed, I recognised the countenance I had beheld in my dream. My father's last words had been a call for me.

In the life of Ben Jonson, it is related, that

when the plague was raging in London, where Jonson had left his family behind him, "he dreamed one night that his eldest boy, then seven years of age, appeared to him with a bloody cross (the mark set on the doors of those stricken by the plague) on his forehead; 'that he appeared of a manly stature, and of such growth as he thought he would be at the resurrection.' This alarmed Jonson. He communicated his fear to Camden, and it is strange that on the very next day came from his wife the sad tidings that his little son was dead."*

The late Lieutenant M., R.N., brother to the present possessor of L. (where the L. papers were found), told me, after he had arrived at home and found his little sister Caroline dead, the following pre-impression of the event, in a dream: "I was," said he, "in my cot and fast asleep—our ship being in the Mediterranean, somewhere between Sicily and Malta—when I dreamed, in the most vivid manner, that I was arriving at home. All the family seemed assembled there to welcome me, and all looked well; but, amongst them, the youngest, poor little Caroline, was borne along between two persons, and had a pale and dying appearance. She stretched out her hand to me, with the words, 'Good-by, Harry! I shall never see you again in this world!' I took her hand, and it felt cold, and as heavy as lead. With the shock of that chilling contact, I started out of my hammock, wide awake, in an instant. Coming up on deck, I sang out, 'What watch is it?' Having received the answer, I noted down in my log-book the night and the hour when I had this horrid dream. I will show you the entry. The date in my journal proves that my sister Caroline died at the moment when, in my dream, I seemed to touch her cold hand."

The Physician now fades away into dim air, leaving his broad, bare, and solid facts before the reader's judgment. Nothing has been set down that is not strictly true. If any other and better theory than the Physician's can meet the cases that he has recorded, he will modestly withdraw the hypothesis, which, at present, is the only one satisfactory to his own mind. And so he bids you heartily farewell.

* Lives of the Poets Laureate. Bentley. 1853.

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